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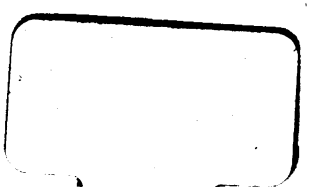

MXC

Spec

Front.

No. 2.

What do you think of my new purchase?
He is *thorough*-bred.

No. 1.

I think he is *thoroughly* suited to *you.*

THREE LETTERS

ON

THE HORSE,

MASTER, AND DONKEY,

BY

BLUNT SPURS. (pseud.)

Illustrated.

SECOND EDITION,

WITH CONCLUSION AND APPENDIX.

London:
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169, PICCADILLY, W.
1888.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
55175
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1897.

The following letter not having been accepted by the Editor to whom it was forwarded, the same is now published, as also a second, and now a third. It has been conjectured that writings of this description might tend to the detriment of the Turf, but the real intention of the Author is to prevent the Turf tending farther to the detriment of Horses, and also to save the Innocents, who still roam about, from being cajoled into purchasing any deformed or irrecoverably damaged animals, whether offered by the Turf Kings, Turf Churchmen, or Turf Copers; and it is hoped the production may yet prove of benefit both to the Horse and the Rider.

LETTER I.

ERRATA.

PAGE.	LINE.	
26	3	from bottom, comma after nettles.
29	8,	*on.*
80		last line, for 3*s.* 6*d.* read 2*s.* 6*d.*
84	5	of note. 'Tis hard *indeed.*
94	4	from bottom, *had not.*
95	12,	*fanfaronade.*
96		at bottom, *sobriquet.*
99	14,	for trouble read *puzzle.*
100	3	from bottom, for Ditto read *All the above.*
101	17,	for wordy read *worldly.*
102	8	in note, for rack read *rank.*
107	6,	*monarchical.*
111	20,	*indiscernible.*
142	4	from bottom, *before.*
155	11,	for wordy read *worldly.*

or buying and selling of horses are the most honest and upright of any class in the United Kingdom. After all perhaps that does not say much for any body in this most religiously com-

LETTER I.

ALL SAINTS, ATTEND.

An upright, intelligent, humane, and pious man. A fabulous creature supposed to go blind at the sight of gold or promissory paper.

England is a country said to possess the best riders in the world; I believe it. England is a country said to possess the best judges of horses in the world; that is men who know most of their proper form and figure; I do not believe it; for if I did, I could not help believing there must be a most extraordinary number of arrant rogues in it. I prefer believing, and taking it for granted, that all persons who have anything to do with the breeding or buying and selling of horses are the most honest and upright of any class in the United Kingdom. After all perhaps that does not say much for any body in this most religiously com-

mercial state, where every one faithfully believes it to be his duty to make money at the expense of his neighbour, still it is something to belong to a class that are a shade more honest than any other class, but if their honesty is allowed, they must stand self-convicted of ignorance of the proper form of the horse. On the horns of this dilemma, namely, that they are either honestly ignorant or knavishly wise, I intend to fix all who may dispute the principles here propounded.

The Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis are supposed to be the most perfect models of the proper forms and figures of men and women, and according as every male and female approach the nearest to each of these respective forms the better they are allowed to be made. Where am I to search for the proper model of a handsome horse? Perhaps I shall not be far wrong in recommending the statue George the Third is mounted on in Cockspur Street as one of the best for a useful blood horse, and applicable to all the combinations of Charger, Hunter, Park Hack, or Racer. This statue has been objected to by some persons as conveying the idea that the horse is a small horse, but the Venus de Medicis might be objected to for the same reason. To find a large thoroughbred

horse of upwards of sixteen hands in height of a perfect and Arabian-like form is as difficult no doubt as to find a large man upwards of six feet in height of a perfect and Adam-like form. When found of course such horses would be more valuable, but from the very great difficulty in finding them it will be as well to take a statue supposed to represent a smaller size. "Beauty consists in proportion." Well; there exists a book that I wrote a quarter of a century ago called "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," in which the proper form and shape of a horse are given, and the description, not the woodcuts, will be found to correspond with this statue. If any reader will be kind enough to point out any error in the form there described the author will be happy to send him half a sovereign for the information, or will bet him half a sovereign he is mistaken, so anxious is he to have a correct form acknowledged which all can refer to. In that description, a great part of the language of which was copied from some of the most celebrated professional writers, it is stated "The forelegs should stand *straight*, moderately broad at the chest, gradually approaching each other to the fetlock, and be free from all lumps or bumps, or bony excrescences whatever; and as to windgalls, that they are a most

annoying eye-sore." With regard to the feet, a good sound foot with open heels and wide frog is one of the first things that ought to be looked to. Well; go to Tattersall's every week for the year round: go to every gentleman who has a horse for sale, and to every dealer: go to every palace from the King of Diamonds down to the Knave of Spades; and at the end of the twelve months how many, which have reached the age of five years, will you have found, having good carriage both before and behind, and with straight unblemished forelegs and wide frogs? Not five per cent. certainly. Why is this, because they have been overworked? Yes, they have been worked too much for their legs no doubt; but the fact is, their legs will stand very little work before their ancles become somewhat gummy and adorned with little soufflets like marrowfat peas, *simply because the sire or dam had these unsightly defects;* and it is very little use stopping two-year-old, or three-year-old, or four-year-old, or five-year-old races, so long as horses are run till their legs are crooked, or windgalled, and their feet contracted, and are then, *and not till then,* used as stallions or brood mares. Ugly heads, drooping quarters, buck knees and crooked legs, splents, curbs, windgalls, &c. will descend as surely

in the horse, as ugly physiognomies, bottle noses, bowed legs, splay feet, coarse skins, &c. will in the human being: in short in fish, flesh, and fowl, all the world over, Like will beget Like, always in a greater or less degree; therefore so long as stallions or brood mares are used with faulty build, or defective legs and feet, so long will these evils be more or less perpetuated, and will generally intrude themselves on public notice before maturity is attained.

One would have thought that by this time any man with a good eye and with good taste could tell at once whether a horse had blood enough without his running, which test does not invariably prove the speed either now-a-days; and even if did prove both, yet, if there is any faultiness in the build to offend a good eye, there is ugly blood whether thorough-bred or not; and such horses should not be used to produce either Chargers, Park horses, or respectable riding Hacks; for, when three and four-year-olds are found to have the faultiness of build of the parents, and some defects from hereditary overwork in addition, they ought not reasonably to bring a respectable price, because they are not fit for a respectable person to ride; but when, on the contrary, a horse has the

points laid down in pages 8 and 9 of "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," and resembles the George the Third Statue, then he has the proper style of blood for every purpose, barring pulling waggons, and you may save yourself the trouble of going to Timbuctoo or elsewhere to search out the pedigree. In the frontispiece of that book there is an ugly horse of bad form drawn with the motto, "The style of a man may be known by his horse." Many persons who have possessed horses of a somewhat unsightly appearance have murmured out that they could not comprehend the meaning of the phrase. Indeed! persons who have the bad taste to mount such deformities cannot be given credit for much comprehension, though I think in this case they comprehended it only too well, but could not bear the fact being brought so prominently to their view. Perhaps they will be equally unable to comprehend the drawings prefixed to these letters. Those who have good taste however will comprehend them at a glance; yet it has been stated again lately that three and four-year-olds, having been tried and found deficient in speed, with barrels resembling a tucked-up camel, and gummy ankles overladen with marrowfats, and heels somewhat the shape of a jargonelle pear, will do all very

well for ordinary riding. Who are the riders that these will do for? As a poor man I may be compelled to wear threadbare clothes occasionally darned, but I would prefer doing that rather than be seen to mount any cast-off weeds with such irritating eye-sores as these, fit in appearance for nothing but cab-work, and a cruelty to put them to that. And all persons of every class who desire the improvement of the breed of horses, in order to obtain handsome Chargers, Hacks, and Hunters, will help very materially to bring about so much wished-for a result by abstaining to purchase such refuse at any price, thus compelling your great breeders at last to rear only from handsome sires and dams possessing straight unblemished legs and good open feet; for while a horse without these defects may be very cheap at a hundred or two hundred pounds, yet with them he may be very dear at a hundred or two hundred pence.

But I am told that men exist who actually prefer crooked legs, and have no objection to fiddle heads, nor to drooping quarters, with what they designate pendent tails, which are too often so hugged that they forcibly remind one of some culprit spaniel run after by his master with a broomstick. There is no accounting for tastes, but men

who would praise horses of this description would praise tough meat and give the same to their friends. And men of these ideas will generally be found to have some very ugly points themselves, consequently to be no more adapted to ornament Rotten Row than their horses.

Thorough-breds are deteriorating so fast in handsome appearance in England that very many of the rising generation seem at a loss to comprehend what a handsome well-made blood horse should look like. To those I would quote the Arab maxim, "The head and tail should be so beautifully carried that the rider may be hidden between them." Most certainly, if I was asked to describe what constituted the most striking distinction between a thorough-bred Arab and a thorough-bred English horse I should answer, the Arab carries his head and tail up when in action, and has clean limbs with open heels. The English carries his head and tail down, and has puffy fetlocks with contracted heels. Of course there are exceptions to both. You who are unprejudiced can award the palm according to your fancy; but if you give it to the latter, all I can say is, that I cannot pin my faith to your ideas of what constitutes beauty or handsome thorough-bred; not even though you

should have purchased the last three golden three-year-olds with the puffed-up coronets from the mahogany stables of the Marquis of Badsticks. The horse clothing, howbeit, that covered those unfortunate creatures, was really well worth bidding for, but that in consequence was not put up for sale.

If the racing of two, and three, and four-year-olds is beneficial for strengthening and improving the breed of horses, the same process might, perhaps, be beneficial for children, for the same purpose, at the corresponding ages of eight, twelve, and sixteen. Commence at eight, of course, for the benefit of the betting. Some few might last unimpaired until they reach the age of twenty years, which is just equal to five of the horse. But do not stop here; continue to train them and their progeny on for the next century for the development of their muscle, in the same manner that colts and fillies have been trained for the last century; that is, not only to the very utmost, but beyond what their limbs can stand, and what a beautiful aristocratic race might not be produced! They would justly merit the very appropriate appellations of "son of Baron Badbuild," or "daughter of the Duke of Deformity."

Had horse-racing been kept up solely for the improvement of the breed, and no horses allowed to run until they were five years old, and then only those of undisputed good build, with straight, strong, unblemished legs, and well-formed tough feet and open heels, what might we not have had? What have we now? For one-half of the two, three, and four-year-olds that run now-a-days, who cares twopence whether they win or lose, as far as their utility for improving the breed is concerned?* Who would have them for Sires or Dams? Who indeed? And if they are only wanted for the

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* Extract from a leading article in *The Times*:—

"Surely it is not worthy of our age, which is beginning to speculate whether fox-hunting ought not to be relinquished as a cruel sport, to look on with indifference while hundreds of young horses—the noblest of animals—are 'stumped' and 'raced to pieces' merely in order that their owners may make money."

Extract from a leading article in *The Times*, in an article on Spain:—

"Yesterday the 26th all the royal family, ambassadors, and grandees went to the bull-fight, and after the beautiful black creature had been enraged to the utmost by having a lance plunged into its body, &c., its horns tear open the belly of the horse, and after a few more tortures both to the bull and the horse, the spectators stamp with applause."

Thank heaven! *we* are not so barbarous *as that*.

betting, would not donkey running answer as well? The real horse has suffered enough in such judicious hands: give him now a little rest, and lay the training on the real donkey for the next twenty years instead, even if he should be one of the human species. As it is, how do the legs and feet of the generality of even seven-eighths or three-parts bred horses look? A most eminent dealer candidly stated to me that for a Charger, with the legs and the feet that I wanted, I must either wait many months before he could suit me, or else I must go abroad and search. A few minutes' conversation with this gentleman was not only agreeable but instructive. He had travelled much, and seemed in nowise bigoted to the particular horse of any country, and fully alive to the fact that when Frenchmen or foreigners came to England to purchase, they took good care to reject all your half stumped-up ones, whether they came in first or last. And this reminds me of the great dissatisfaction which seems to have existed in various quarters of the Hunters, Hacks, &c., that were selected for rewards at *some great show*. It was hinted that Horses, both English and Foreign, with indifferent eyes, indifferent pipes, indifferent legs and fetlocks, and worse than indifferent feet,

had obtained both praises and prizes. To give praises would have been bad enough. Let us in charity say that nobody could have been guilty of giving prizes to such; but at the same time let us append a hope that nobody will do it again.

About a year ago, talking about all defects being more or less heritable, with an acquaintance who had just visited a great breeding establishment, he informed me that on his venturing to remark on the plain heads, and the indifferent limbs and feet of almost all the horses, the owner coolly said, "that though there might not be an Arabian formed head, nor a perfectly straight-legged Sire or Dam, yet the produce were none the worse for that," and added, "that he was the owner of hundreds of acres, and had been rearing horses all his life." My acquaintance then asked me what I thought of that? Why! I simply thought that the owner of acres was not always the owner of sense, and that my acquaintance was the wise man and the other the wiseacre. Roman noses in men may be handsome, and the said men though lame the whole year round (their understandings being located in their heads) might still be very useful: but Roman noses in horses are not handsome, and the said horses if they only limped for a quarter of that

time (their understandings being located in their feet and legs) might be considered very useless.

There are other people who, with only an occasional horse or two they want to get rid of, invariably talk much in the same strain. First it is perhaps denied that the animal has windgalls, or that his feet are in anywise contracted, though immediately he is brought out, not only do peas appear to surround his ankles, but some large beans to be also deposited there; and the heels of the feet so squeezed in that a man with any feeling would be in danger of a stomach-ache from merely inspecting them. It is a fortunate circumstance that all those who are so stupid as to purchase horses with such crippled looking feet as these will have to suffer severely in pocket until they find somebody more stupid than themselves, and no pity on them. But the most common denials one now meets with, are where the animal stands only a little over, is very little buck-kneed, the leg at times slightly tremulous, not evincing much disposition to kneel, but still with the legs from the knee downwards out of the proper line. These are invariably first declared to be straight as an arrow; and, secondly, " Well, if they are not so, that is

only surer proof of his being thorough-bred. All thorough-breds are like that." There is some truth in the last part of this answer certainly, but that will not make the legs straight nevertheless. I say then, that all persons who talk trash in this style must relinquish their pretensions to the Judges' Bench; for they must be either downright novices, or else must be trying to deceive you—one or the other. And I say further, that if persons holding such crooked opinions as the above are hereafter put up as judges for the improvement of the breed of horses for the utility of man, then I shall be justified in putting in my claim as "Author of the one thing needful," to be a judge for the present age of the most correct practical theology for the utility of man also. Here it is:—

First,—Believe and you are dished.

Second,—Make money and outwit your neighbour, or hide your face from the sight of all sensible men.

Third,—The poetry below points out the pure and proper path to pursue for the accomplishment of all praiseworthy and profitable purposes; and the systematic pursuit of it will tend greatly to facilitate the dealing, whether that may be horse dealing or any other dealing:—

Go to Church three times a day,
And do not fail to always pray,
Otherwise when you're in need,
It certain is you'll not succeed.

Only remember (for I shall presently proceed to prove it) that those who pray with their eyelids pendent, like their horses tails, may sometimes be sold themselves.

Now, reader or no reader, if it is your religion or your custom to tell me a horse is sound when he is not; or to try to impose upon me by saying that ugly build, and various defects and blemishes are of no consequence, then it is mine to look out for an opportunity to turn the tables on you as I succeeded in doing on Mr. Weatherside a few years ago to my great comfort when he, at the instigation of a rich relative, endeavoured to get to windward of me with "two fine steppers," one a piper, the other with the stringhalt. I never allowed him to detect that I was aware of anything wrong; but I quietly resolved to punish if possible, this praise-giving performer, whose compassionate soul induced him to bestow such liberal panegyrics on God's most noble but speechless creatures for six days in the week, never unmindful of the halt or the maimed; the seventh he devoted

to his prayers and post obits. It is with much diffidence that I relate the whole story, because civilization in England, at least round about the Metropolis, is now so refined, and candour so openly conspicuous in every dealing where money is concerned, that the virtuous indignation of all those whose own little peccadilloes have not yet been brought to light will no doubt be highly raised, quite as much, however, I'll be bound to say, against what has preceded as against what is to follow. If you are not fond of a little scandal, do not read on.

Mr. Weatherside was a very plausible and a very punctilious Church-going man. No wonder: he was cousin to the Rajah of Breakage, an owner of Church property, and often resided on the Rajah's estate, in the left wing of the family mansion, Rosicrucian House, at Blackberry-cum-Sloe. The Rajah's brother it was said, had once taken orders for the Church, but finding it too low for him, he now rode the high horse. This brother was a perfect oracle, and thought very lightly of the veterinary art. I thought so too, and always shall whenever I have a horse to dispose of. (Always sell if you can without a veterinary inspection, but take care always to buy with one.)

He, whether with or without Mr. Weatherside, would take a horse from anybody, and often get rid of it again within a week. When these two gentlemen were together the effect was perfectly stunning, for their ideas, thoughts, and movements were as close, as similar, and as natural as the Siamese Twins. You may suppose, then, it was boldness for an inexperienced pupil like myself to think to weather men of this stamp, but then I only proposed attempting it on Mr. Weatherside, and it was upwards of sixteen months after his intended kindness to me before I found an opportunity even to do that. At the end of the Autumn, however, of 1862, I went one Sunday to the Church Mr. Weatherside patronized when in town. No consequence what Church, it was nearly thorough-bred, carried a very good head, had a straight back, but a slight curb on the near aisle. On leaving, I was accosted unexpectedly thus: "Spurs, I have been inquiring for you the last fortnight. I have a horse at Great Gloom I don't know what to do with; could you accompany me there to-morrow, I can put you up very comfortably?"

Standing as I was, at a Church door, I replied (Mr. Weatherside being only a few yards in front

of me) "I am timid to talk of horses, but promise to treat me to a little pure milk, pure cream, and pure butter, not one of which have I ever tasted in London the last five years, though I have paid heavily for the same, and I'll be Simon Pure your humble servant."

We went; the horse was shewn me; Chameleon was his name. "Who have you consulted?" I asked*.

"Oh, there's nobody here to consult, and if there was it would be of no use. All who know of the circumstances recommend his being shot. Isn't it a pity, such a fine animal?"

"Well," I said, "I am fond of doctoring a little, but this case is quite beyond me. Rather, however, than he should be shot, I will give you £.10 besides half that he may realize, and will take him back in the train at the end of the week."

This was accepted with many thanks. Chameleon was safely led into a well-padded horsebox on the morning of Friday, shortly after daybreak, and insured for £.120, I being in the same compart-

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* Neither of the three gents mentioned ever paid for a licence. In these days every respectable horse dealer was compelled to take out one.

ment in front in the place reserved for grooms. My nostrum a profound secret to everybody. Do not think I insured with any intention of hurting the poor animal and thus further punishing my former silly brother-shareholders of this line, who had lost half their capital, and then grumbled because the directors throve on their credulity. No; my retaliation was to be reserved for Mr. Weatherside, to whom I shortly afterwards rode the beautiful Chameleon, showed the insurance ticket, and said that magnificent as he looked, he was not exactly the kind of horse I wanted, and offered to exchange for a Chestnut that they both had guaranteed their relative the Rajah eighty guineas for at least.

"I'll tell you honestly what I'll do," said Mr. Weatherside, after some little parley; "if you'll leave the horse here till to-morrow morning, so that I may look him over, I'll promise you the exchange you want, and you'll find mine much more suited for your purpose than your own kingly looking creature, fine as he steps."

"Well," I answered, "I am really of your opinion; but I would prefer his sleeping in his own well-secured loose box. He shall be down to you by nine o'clock, and I will call a little before

twelve; you will then have had trial enough. As to examination a blind man could tell there's not much of that required."

No objection was made to this very fair suggestion. I was certainly in a great fright at the proposal for poor Chameleon to sleep in a strange bed, but I would have risked even that rather than have lost the chance of reimbursing Mr. Weatherside. Chameleon was sent down before nine, and I did not follow till after twelve, thereby showing no hurry. The Rajah's brother, Mr. Poser, had by this time exercised him well, and, at the moment of my entry, was still examining him, I suppose for the half-dozenth time. He thereupon politely stopped any further scrutiny whilst we exchanged salutations, and then he commenced again by staring into the poor animal's eyes. This is not infallibly the best method of discovering anything wrong in, or about, that part. I adopt a very different system. I watch most attentively the man's eyes instead, and often find my reward: but neither Mr. Weatherside nor Mr. Poser condescended to look into my countenance; so I had the better opportunity of looking into theirs, and I was not long in discovering that Chameleon was pronounced to be a positive trump.

Mr. Poser now opened the conversation with, "He looks tolerably right; the off-eye appeared to alter in brightness before I exercised him, but I can't see anything defective."

"Eye?" quickly repeated I, as bold as a sheep, "I will guarantee both his eyes with any special warranty you like, if you don't object to any other part of his head."

This they could not, for the exterior conformation was perfect; so then, with just a slight glance at each other, which bespoke their entire concurrence, agreement, and satisfaction, Mr. Weatherside turned to me with, "You can take the Chestnut in exchange, if you desire to have her."

The Chestnut was brought out, and I, looking very loth to part with the beautiful Chameleon, now ventured to speak with easy confidence. "I am going into the country this afternoon," I said (you should always be going into the country a few hours after getting rid of a horse), "and I hope the Chestnut's shoes are firm."

"No fear," replied Mr. Weatherside, and he whispered, "No need to say anything about this exchange."

"Dumb as a mute," retorted I, and then in the hurry of the moment, anxious to bestow some

slight compliment that might be mutually suitable, and just bring to the surface the open and candid dealing between us, I added, "I have behaved to you very fairly, have I not—just as I know you would have behaved to me?"

"All right," returned Mr. Weatherside; "Polly," that was the Chestnut, "will keep her condition on two feeds a day. Good morning;" and we parted.

Now for the sequel. Chameleon was for the Rajah, who was to give something in addition to the eighty guinea Chestnut for him; and he asked Mr. Weatherside to ride the following day to Highgate that Sir Dashing Driver might take an envious view of so superb a steed previous to his departure for Blackberry-cum-Sloe. Mr. Weatherside left at half-past three with the intention of returning early, for there was company to dinner at seven, when just before sunset (it was generally towards evening that Chameleon's appearance unexpectedly changed) as he rode gently along on the broad green sward, on the brink of the muddy ditch on his right, half filled with bushes and stinging nettles. Chameleon suddenly stopped, shook his head strangely, and looking up to the sky in a suppliant manner that seemed to say "Oh!

that such a Merciful Make-believe as you should ever come to grief," upon his knees he went in an epileptic fit, slobbering away like an overfed calf, and gradually sliding down the slope into the ditch, pulling the rider with him. Sad misgivings now overtook the mind of Mr. Weatherside, but, assistance having been procured, Chameleon, in half an hour, was got out, led away gently, and by the time dinner was over they both arrived at the town residence. A consultation was held the following morning and a kind of half threatening style of polite letter dispatched to me in the country. It might be construed to mean, "Bring the Chestnut back again, and we shall all be contented, otherwise exposure may be resorted to;" but I did not read it in that light, and long before it reached me poor Chameleon had suffered another attack. The following answer was returned :—

"Mr. Spurs' compliments to Mr. Weatherside, the Rajah, and Mr. Poser, and he is much concerned to hear of the novel affliction supposed to have overtaken Chameleon; the more so as Polly was so much admired by his very particular friend the Prince of Homburg, that she is gone abroad. Mr. Spurs would rather attribute Chameleon's

ailing to fright from hearing unexpectedly some PIPING noise which may have caused a convulsive nervous twitching of the hind leg, and the consequent fall among the stinging nettles. Prayers, alternating with 'Pigeon' Plasters will be found most efficacious whenever dizziness in the head is detected."

I heard nothing further nor will you until you try to persuade me that fiddle heads, drooping quarters, and hugged tails are becoming for a respectable person to ride. And that crooked legs, gummy ancles, and contracted feet are of no consequence.

Regarding Shoeing, there are French, American, German, and various English Shoes to choose from. I always keep to the one laid down in my own book; and I am ready to wager another half sovereign that I will keep my horse's heels as open with that shoe under my treatment, as any man from any country will his horse's heels with his shoe under his treatment. If you wish to know my treatment it consists in tarring, never paring, the frog, and keeping the feet moist by using large leather boots; or else felt swabs, with Cherry's pads all the summer nights and of half

the winter nights. Without boots or swabs the best shoeing, even from the most celebrated professional forges, will often fail to keep the heels open.

Now, omnipotent Judges and Jury, I have given you information gratis, rendering to many good for evil. If you earnestly desire to have seats on The Bench, and to keep your critical heads clear, use freely but truly, the understandings inside them for the improvevent of the horses' UNDERSTANDINGS; and as I have written solely with the object of leading all Outsiders and Free Thinkers on this subject into the straight path, "Go you and do likewise."

BLUNT SPURS.

LETTER II.

In the *Sporting Gazette* of September 1869, there is a long dissertation under the head of "Arab Horse." The writer therein quoted, seems to be of opinion that horses in England, have, on the whole, really improved during the last thirty years. If this is correct then I should say that thirty years ago a very large number of blood horses must have hopped on one leg, for certainly there are very few five-year-old thoroughbreds now-a-days to be found with two, that is, whose legs and feet can be pronounced satisfactory by any competent judge.

Referring to the former celebrated horse, "Childers," the writer says, "Fancy a racehorse with a short, square dock! I wonder they didn't clip his ears like those of a fighting dog." A racehorse with a short, square dock (I have seen Childers drawn differently) is certainly not at all in unison with good taste, nor with the taste of

the present age. Crooked legs and contracted heels should be much less so. The former would not produce any malformation in the offspring got by him, nor the slightest injury to the future stock of horses. The latter, having been caused by overwork, or by more work than the legs can stand, would. He wonders "they didn't clip his ears." I wonder more they don't now straighten their legs before allowing them to be used for foal getting. The writer thinks that Childers never went the pace attributed to him, for stop-watches were not always to be relied upon in those days. It forms no part of my creed to believe, or disbelieve, the accounts of his speed any more than it does to believe that some of the celebrated sires of the present time have the beautiful legs at five years old that they are drawn and painted with at three. "Facts are stubborn things;" I say so too. Let us all then see for ourselves, and believe, or disbelieve, according as our own eyes may be straight or askew. Put no faith in paintings nor in descriptions.

The writer praises the "Flying Dutchman." Undoubtedly the greatest part of him was superb, and the same may be said of "Muley Moloch;" but I should be very sorry to bet that the legs

and feet of either were straight and perfect at five years of age. A two-year-old by the former was offered me many years ago for three hundred guineas. At the first glance I thought him very cheap, and was almost about to purchase; but on walking round to the near-side, my eye caught the very slight tendency of the fore-legs, if not exactly to crook, at least to swerve out of the proper symmetrical line; so I declined giving more than three hundred shillings.

The writer next supposes the English thoroughbred horse has possibly, after all, but a very homœopathic dose of the Arab blood in his veins. Very likely: and he may be in want of more; but, whether he has or not, half the riders in England probably neither know, nor care. What they do care about is this: that they have now to travel and trudge more than double the distance of former times before they can alight on any which do not betray some malformation in their legs or feet. And if those concerned do not soon administer some tremendous doses of fresh orthodox, clean, unblemished leg and good foot blood, of some country, into the sires and dams destined to produce the future stock, then, that portion of the public who refuse to be seen mounted on blood

animals, however fine shaped above, but with such second or third-rate legs and feet below, will have to travel further still, and over to France or Germany, or elsewhere, to procure them. It does not require a man "to ride as well as he did ten years ago" to be able to tell whether a horse has "boulets" about his ankles, or bent legs and bad feet; ladies and boys, and girls of fifteen years of age point them out in a minute.

Arab horses of 14 hands 2 inches high (which is about the height of the best blood) will of course stand no chance for speed against English of 15 to 16 hands. You have got the speed here in England in the English horse. You have got the crooked legs and the right well-contracted heels into the bargain. Carry your training on for the next hundred years in the same manner as you have for the last hundred, and what queer looking stumps blood horses from five to six years old would have! The legs and feet then of five-year-old English thorough-breds will stand no comparison for beauty, straightness, and wide frogs with those of the Arab; the Arabs will take the prize, in that respect at all events, unless they should be kept under English training management in this country for a few years, and then they

may become as crooked as their neighbours: but when I was in India (some time ago, certainly,) it was about as difficult to find a five-year-old blood Arab, with the double fault of crooked legs and contracted heels, as it is now difficult to find an English thorough-bred of five years old with the double virtue of straight legs and perfectly open heels.

The writer also inquires how it is that Arabs purchased, presented, exported, &c. from the East to Europe are now found to compare unfavourably with the English thorough-bred. Partly for the same reason that English horses purchased, presented, exported, &c. to India, *malgré* their superior size and speed, compare unfavourably with the Arabs there. There's a wheel within a wheel, as ancient perhaps as one of the wheels in the vehicle mentioned in the letter as Pharoah's chariot for some of these importations and exportations. As to Pharoah's horses they were far from being pure blood, if I am to take the statues exhibited of them as fac-similes. Two English Entires I once saw destined for India that I would not have ridden on a Sunday (independent of which no entire horses should ever have been sent to the studs in that country: it was mares that were so much needed)

and I have seen Arabs nearly as indifferent shipped from the East to Europe. With regard to their "mysterious pedigrees" no sensible man should attempt to dive into those: that should be left to the orthodox, with heads brimful of faith, to unravel. A Sporting French Curé solved the riddle for me as correctly as it ever will be solved. He was imparting to me information on the pedigree of his religion when I reminded him of his promise to give me that of the Arab in his stable. He then ejaculated, "*Oh! mon ami c'est un très grand mystère.*" I presume he meant the pedigree of the Arab. Those who desire it, and will listen to reason, may clear up the mystery for themselves and dispense with all pedigrees. An Arab that has the proper build and energy will carry his pedigree in his *tout-ensemble*, and so will an English horse. But recollect that two horses from the same sire and dam, may have very different build, and very different energy, and one may be worth ten times that of the other; for if one of these should be foaled with a small eye, or with small girth, or with ill-shaped quarters, or should during faulty education get a crooked understanding, and puffy ancles with contracted feet, he would lose in value as much as a Sèvres vase would, if a piece had

been broken out; or as a lady's point lace dress would if a few holes had been burnt in it. The article would be ruined. A thorough-bred Arab or a thorough-bred English horse should possess the following build: a straight spine and long quarter, straight from the croup to the tail, with the latter well carried: a muscular and handsomely dropped hind leg with the thighs broader than the haunch bones; a round barrel swelling well out behind the elbows with great depth of girth; a moderately broad chest; an oblique and very deep shoulder; a light neck; a well set on lean head, wide flat forehead, and deer-like, with a large brilliant eye, thin open nostril, deep mouth and small silky ear; the upper inner bones of the knees and hocks large, and hinder bone of each also large, having the back sinews clean, powerful and wide away from the suspensory ligament; the forelegs being planted indubitably straight, and the whole covered with a fine thin skin finishing with short tough feet, but with large bold frogs. Here is a thorough-bred for every country, and no other should be sought after from any country. Devote this build in sire and dam to speed, and speed with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to trotting and trotters with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to hunting,

and hunters with beauty will be inherited. Devote it to rearing for parade, and handsome chargers will be produced, while all four will carry their pedigree in their graceful build, and pleasingly animated countenances. Arabs of pure caste may be very ill adapted for heavy weights, and they are likely to remain so until they have gone through a few generations in this cold climate and become enlarged; but on the other hand you will find that English, quite thorough-bred, are often sold, notwithstanding their magnificent pedigrees, for a much less price than three-parts breds of good form, solely because they are weedy and small barrelled, with indifferent legs and feet. For either English or Arab horse search then for the build, points, energy, and graceful appearance as above described, and if the stock should be free from all defects in the extremities, the sire and dam undefiled by bent legs, uncontaminated by bubbles around the ancles, and uninjured in any way by overwork, you will not only have pure, but valuable pure blood, and a treasure not to be trusted to a trainer.

A word or two of *minutiæ* now for the uninitiated. Always endeavour to obtain your first inspection of a horse when he is half asleep in the stable, so

that you may see how he stands with his forelegs whilst dozing. This can always be done in the East where the Arab horse may be seen in his stall quietly standing and quite undisturbed; and the moment he is led out at a walk, with the accustomed gentle treatment he receives, up go his head and tail naturally, and his clean straight legs are put out gracefully. But in England you meet with the very reverse of all this, for the moment you enter the stable the whip is rapped against the wall, to induce all the inmates to rest their forefeet down firmly which many of them from tenderness would otherwise have been unwilling to do; then when you ask to have one led out ginger is applied,* to which the operator should be also treated, and what with the whip on one side, and rattling the

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* Gingering horses has been decided in a magisterial court as cruelty. But why do so many English horses hug their tails? Here is one reason. Tie up two dozen horses in a stable, and the instant a stranger enters knock the whip against the wall to rouse them to stand firmly on their doubtful feet, and in will go all their tails in a jiffey. The doing of this once would not produce any bad effect, but the knocking it two or three times a day for years might, and such has been the custom in England for the last hundred years; thus with the gruff brutal voice of many stable men added, a full half become cowed, and how can a

hat on the other, the animal is made to move very like a frightened bullock. Why is this? You go to see the horse, to inspect his eyes, legs, feet, and his natural action which the seller instead of assisting, seems determined to prevent. Does he act in this way because his horse has good carriage and solid pins, or because he has not?

I will not attempt to dilate more at present on the form of the horse, but let me ask this fundamental question, "Are horses with straight legs and wide frogs, or those with crooked legs and narrow frogs, to be deemed the proper model of good build and shape?" If the latter, then let us have new human forms also to throw into the shade and to eclipse the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis; two forms with bull necks and

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cowed horse be expected to carry a decent tail? A tumbler of port wine would not produce the gout, but two or three tumblers a day continued for years might. An Arab speaking to his steed in a soothing affectionate manner, would not immediately produce a well carried tail when the animal was led out, but the habit of so speaking from generation to generation, might tend to have that effect, if it was only by preventing their feeling any alarm. At all events they do carry superior tails to the English horses. What a mercy it would be if the racing of horses afflicted with bent legs was decided also as a cruelty.

bale of cotton waists for instance. Surely that would not be so unsightly nor so painful to look at as horses with bandy legs and contracted heels.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from eulogizing the Latin proverb, at least the translation of it, contained in this dissertation. All horsemen, I hope, will entirely concur in it, and no breeders ever forget it :—

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis."
Ponies, that are good, breed good, and useful ponies.

Here is a clear admission, I hope not unintentional, that "like will beget like." The instructor of my youth claimed knowledge of two poetical lines, which conveyed the same meaning, if not in such elegant diction, at least in quite as comprehensive language for the minds of us ordinary pupils ; and it is evidently much needed that they should be uppermost in all our thoughts now a days :—

"Ere you purchase any lot scan the legs of sires and dams of ums,
For sure it's those with bandy legs what begets the bandy legged uns."

Not having learnt Latin (which, by the by, none of my progeny shall until they have first learnt to distinguish straight legs from crooked

ones) I will write a French proverb in return; and though my rendering may not be verbatim and literally correct, still it is construed most appropriately for the Turf:—

"Bois tortu fait feu droit."
Crooked wooden legs make an even blaze for betting,
The veritable object being solely money getting,
"Les achetez vous-même, mais pas pour moi."
They'll do very well for rich men, but not for us poor.

And all who are not possessed of more money than brains will leave them to the full enjoyment of that enticing green, soft, and moist turf so admirably adapted to their tender understandings. It is cruel to put them to any other use than that for which they have been so carefully educated.

These two letters are given for the small sum of 1*s.* in order to obtain your charitable subscription for the New Orthopedic Hospital for the straightening of horses' legs from the knee downwards, and the opening of their heels, about to be erected under the auspices of

BLUNT SPURS.

LETTER III.

"De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis."

Befriend a man with kindly counsel in what Englishmen, above all other men, by way of exalting their Island and themselves, delight in calling a barbarous and uncivilized country, and substantial worth is often meted out in return. Attempt the same beneficent action in your own refined community, to your own enlightened brethren, and you may perchance come in contact with a civilized savage and dire foe for your pains. The cause of this is not very difficult of explanation. In the first place our foggy Islanders dread a frank confession that those they term barbarous are far superior to themselves in many virtues; and in the second they are fearfully jealous of an unknown man presuming to give information,

where it is neither asked for nor wanted, especially where if followed it might tend to interrupt the golden free trade in promissory paper. But to inveigh against betting is not my intention. I love it. Bet away, say I, to your heart's content, only it would be an extra security if all the amounts were deposited at the time the bets were made; or if all were put in the pillory who failed to pay, and were afterwards kept working on the roads until they had earned sufficient to do so. The depositing first, however, would obviate all difficulties and unpleasantness.

My former two letters I find have proved highly displeasing, not only to a martial man but a martial martyr, whose legs after perusing them were observed to quiver very similar to some of his own horses, for he very naturally thought that the *exposé* of tremulous and bent legs might be somewhat injurious to their sale. It was on the 31st of March, as I was travelling down from the upper counties, I found myself seated opposite two good-looking-men—the one fair, the other dark. These turned out to be Count Garniture and Colonel Backgammon. The former rummaging his handsome morocco bag, pulled out the foregoing two letters and handed them to his friend. The latter,

after perusal, returned them muttering the words: "Great humbug!" but adding,—"I have to ride out towards Camden Town to-morrow, and I shall inquire at the College if the name of the writer is known there?" True to his expressed intention, Colonel Backgammon, accompanied by the Count, did ride out to that neighbourhood on the day following the 31st of March, but being strangers to the locality, as well as the architecture of the building, they rode about until they unexpectedly found themselves opposite the huge, ponderous doors, of that sacred edifice. Then they commenced staring on the richly emblazoned colossal gold letters in magnificent bas-relief fixed directly under the royal arms, and they saw inscribed the much dreaded College motto:—

"NO MUFFS ALLOWED TO ENTER HERE."

At this moment one of the College grooms, who happened to be at hand, observing their perplexity, and feeling doubtful whether they did not belong to the above-named prohibited class of individuals, who often bear such striking resemblance to much of their own blood stock—having passable heads but weak understandings—politely demanded their pleasure.

"Why," spoke Colonel Backgammon, "we were desirous of learning whether a person of the name of Spurs was in any way known out here?"

"A person of the name of Spurs?" repeated the groom. "You don't mean Mr. Blunt Spurs?"

"Yes," joined in Count Garniture, "that is the name—Mr. Blunt Spurs."

"Oh, very well indeed," continued the groom, fixing his eyes on that part of the horse just below the knee. "He's the architect of the new Orthopedic Hospital; was once chief of all the amateurs."

Neither Colonel Backgammon nor Count Garniture stayed to hear the concluding word of this sentence. They had obtained the information they sought, and the word "chief" quite paralyzed them; so thanking the groom they, rather abruptly, rode away to their club, asking each other when they had recovered breath, what was the last word of the sentence. The Count, however, decided that it must have been chief of anatomy; consequently, as the whole drift of the Two Letters was —as far as the sale of damaged stock is concerned —opposed to their pecuniary interests, they resolved to "chuck the trash into the fire: they had no doubt the writer had some object to gain." In

this last supposition they were right. The writer's object was, and is, the welfare of the horse, not theirs, nor anybody else's who may be anxious to evade, and who appear to have induced the Press to evade the real question at issue, which is:— Whether the racing of horses of any age whatever, so as to crook their legs, does not tend to the deterioration, instead of the improvement of the breed; if such horses should be sent to the stud in that state, and one-half of the progeny should be found, by the time they reach the age of five years, to show the same hereditary defect? That is the question wanted to be answered and explained; and I have no great respect for the understandings of those persons who cannot see evident proof of such deterioration by a glance at the horse's understandings.

There is a style of talk current of late, to the effect that "our horses can't be so very bad, considering that we beat all the world in speed over the Turf." Granted that you have hitherto almost always done so; yet I very much doubt whether the public would not infinitely prefer indubitable straight legs and good open heels for either purpose of Charger, Hunter, or Hack, even if got by a sire that had never been trained at all, to taking

deteriorated legs and feet, merely because they had descended from one who had gained even the best of races. If racing has been kept up for the last fifty years for improving the breed of horses, surely by this time we ought to have blood stock, not only that is not so very bad, but one-half of which should be very good, and nine-tenths of which, if intended for the stud, should be perfect, at all events, in their legs and feet. How many now go there with these requisites you may judge for yourself by inspecting. Bear in mind, then, that those who desire to purchase handsome horses of good make, whether thorough-bred or only three-parts bred, with a little more certainty than they have at present—that their pedestals will be capable of standing fair work without displaying symptoms of hereditary impairment—will not rest satisfied with the superficial argument, that "our horses can't be so very bad, considering that we beat all the world in speed over the Turf." That is very fallacious and inconclusive reasoning; for it has been accomplished at the expense of the horse's lower storeys, the melancholy state of which proves that one-half of them, though useful for the soft turf against soft men, are useful for little else. It is asserted likewise in the same

manner, and perhaps correctly in some points of view, that your sheep can't be so very bad, indeed, that you have the finest in the world; and also the finest strawberries in the world, though many connoisseurs are of opinion that, by the forcing system pursued to get them, both have deteriorated in taste and flavour. You have also, perhaps, the finest diamonds in the world, with the Kooh-i-noor, &c.; but if flaws were made in these by some boring process, and part of the beautiful glitter destroyed by stain, the diamonds, by the same style of argument, might still be called of the purest water; but would they not greatly have deteriorated, and become as valueless, for ornamental use, as broken Sèvres china? Of course they would. How much greater, then, is the comparative deterioration of the finest of living animals, whose services are required for use, for ornament, for healthy, agreeable excitement, and for pleasure! and what pleasure can persons of taste have in bestriding young thorough-bred blossoms with carcases more like lodging-house bolsters than well-shaped barrels, and whose limbs, even when straight, have often a puffiness about the pasterns, the possible precursor in these young things to premature petrifaction.

There is another phrase likewise current which influential horse orators fancy we ought to accept and rest satisfied with. Finding the public becoming very sceptical about horses in general, but legs in particular, they blurt out:—"Oh! you can't get perfection in anything." Many novices in this line both old and young, have I watched, who although at the very first glance at the legs were perfectly cognizant of their irremediable form, yet taking leave of their senses at the critical moment, have been quieted with this phrase, and have persuaded themselves they would afterwards be well contented; but month after month has passed, and daily annoyance, as they observed their acquaintances ferret these blemishes out, has been all that fell to their lot; so their own original and naturally correct sight and judgment, having by this insinuating speech been whirled out of their heads, and shunted aside like unto the unfortunate legs they now have on hand, and cannot get rid of, they bravely resolve to simulate belief in its virtue, to re-echo it, and spout it out for the benefit of others. As they in their ignorance were misled and deemed it unanswerable, so they are now reduced to the alternative of suffering a fifty per cent. loss, or of trying to instil the same

delusive language, indiscriminately into the heads of both friends and foes. When brought face to face with these versatile merry-go-round whirligigs, we also must boldly unfold our knowledge of human nature, as well as of horse nature, and convince them that we are not to be dumfounded, nor taken off our balance, as they may have been, by the curt sentence :—"You can't get perfection in anything," any more than by that of "our horses can't be so very bad, considering that we beat all the world in speed over the turf." It may be very difficult to get perfection ; but that is no reason why we should take a horse with legs, the timber of which is partly decayed, any more than we should take a carriage with wheels the timber of which is partly decayed ; or a house the foundation of which shows symptons of sinking. Let the principal supports at least be perfect. Do not be hoodwinked then by any shallow or interested phraseology of this kind. For either carriage, house, or horse, make first sure of the foundation. The superstructure and the colour to harmonize with it (of course the more requisite in proportion to the price to be paid), must still be regarded as secondary to an undoubted solid basis.

About eighteen hundred thorough-bred foals, it is stated, are annually born in the United Kingdom; and I do not believe there are one hundred and eighty of these, that ever reach the age of five years with either perfectly clean limbs, or perfectly open heels. Are the blood and training both so improved, that not one in ten can be brought to the age of five years pure and intact? I fear they are; and if so, purchasers and pleasure seekers who pay, must have the privilege of protesting against those pitiful pins that so often accompany this pure blood, being ever allowed the remotest chance of reproduction, even when intended to be allied with the commonest coach or cart mares. The patronizing public have already had too many pure pinchbeck deformities palmed off on them. Race away every day in the week, the French Sunday as well if you choose; the better day the better deed. I'll find time to take a peep between prayers, and my object being the amelioration of the horse's legs, "that can't be so very bad." Run all barren mares and geldings to crook, if you like. Run all colts and fillies not intended for the stud, to crook likewise. That is only a species of cruelty to the existing generation, and will not damage the offspring; but those that are intended

for the stud must not be put to performances that in any way injure their legs. If it is argued that nobody can tell how much a young colt or filly can stand before the legs and feet show deterioration, (I thought racing was for improving) I answer, stop at all events the instant the evil effects become visible. This is not done. They are run on, supported by laced or elastic stockings, long after their tender legs have betrayed evident symptoms of the hereditary crook, solely because a race of some description can always somewhere be found, where every bandy-legged and bolster-carcassed beauty can go in with some chance of winning. Improve the understandings of your own juvenile offspring, to as crooked a form as you deem commensurate with improvement; but if we are to take any pleasure in seeing races, we must have straight uncovered legs to look at, and not bent ones with stockings on when they come to perform.

The value of race horses for the present day appears to be, firstly, for betting; secondly, for getting the fastest horse over the turf, no matter whether the animal suffers by the training process or not—occasionally, therefore, to prevent the fast favourite going too fast and winning, even when

able, must necessarily be a virtue, and a proof of regard for *the legs;* thirdly, to obtain subscriptions for the different stakes, &c.; and after all, to treat the public to a sale of half-ruined wretched rips, and then pretend to wonder that they grumble at the show, and feel ashamed to take such extra-ordinary creatures for the pleasure of ordinary riding. The time has now come when all blood stock found to be afflicted with the customary infirmities should be discarded and banished from all respectable stables. The very cabmen have commenced refusing the weedy dregs when the pedestals have also suffered. It would be a great blessing if all that are found so visibly injured, and that have been taken away from their natural soft turf to be brought on to the high roads, were prohibited parading before the public gaze. A skeleton mule overtaken with baskets of bricks; a lady's palfrey with galled withers; a mangey donkey with raw hips, are all distressing sights; but none so much offend the eye as thorough-bred wrecks turned adrift by their trainers with tortuous trembling timbers. The managers of race horses were formerly accustomed to physic many to death. After that it was not uncommon to dim the sight and quite blind others from the dark and

hot state of their stables. The latest improvement consists in crooking their legs and contracting their heels. Surely these heavenly inspired trainers, with all their wonderful knowledge, might learn to use boots for the feet as well as laced up stockings for the legs. The latter too often fail in their intended purpose, but a few guineas annually spent on the former, and kept on every horse for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, would save many a valuable one from those detestable stomach-ache giving, wired-in-heels.

The present system of training, then, tends evidently to the detriment, not to the improvement, of the horse's understanding; but, by judicious management, the most unblemished, solid, and straight legs, with large frogs and wide open heels, might be combined with speed, and transmitted from sire to son with as much certainty as the reverse now are; only in order to have the chances on your side for procuring these advantages, both sire and dam must be in full possession of all these indispensable qualifications at the moment they are sent to the stud. By strict attention the most beautiful harmonizing colours, combined with the much desired, but seldom found, graceful carriage of head and tail, might as cer-

tainly be produced and transmitted into the bargain. A golden chestnut, for instance, with milk-white hind legs, pleases the eye; but a darker chestnut, if he should have a mealy and lighter shade of leg than the body, does not. A rich dark, or bright bay, with black points, is no doubt handsomer than either of these colours with lighter points. A stylish roan, with tan muzzle, black mane and tail, and black points, is much admired for harness, though this colour is rare in the thorough-bred. A black horse is no doubt preferred with black points. A dark brown also with ditto, though a tan muzzle and white star on the forehead, is thought to improve this last. A light brown, or the mouse colour when a horse is clipped, verges on the ugly.

A report is gaining ground that a *posse* of owners of hundreds of acres are contemplating the advocacy in Parliament of our Cavalry being mounted on chargers with legs in the *à la mode de Louis Quinze* style. The measure is deemed requisite in the interest of the sellers, for as so many of our thorough-bred sires are gradually relinquishing the old-fashioned straight leg, and inclining to this new form, they think "it can't be so very bad." As a seller, I am sure I shall

never attempt to throw any obstacle in the way of so discerning a proceeding, but I would respectfully suggest that the first batch of these improved nags should be sent to the Royal Horse Marines, and that in passing through London, the oriental custom of loose muslin bags tied above the knee to hang over the hoof should be introduced. This would be a double advantage in England, for whereas in India it is resorted to, to keep the flies off, here it would be more profitably done to keep the eyes off, and the vulgar horse-cry might be changed into a horse-laugh. It would also serve to keep the advocates of these odd-looking shapeless legs consistent, and prevent them saying "they are of no consequence;" for when they happen to be purchasers for themselves, not sellers, the bags should always be on during the inspection, and kept on until the price was concluded; this would effectually serve to prevent them blowing hot and cold at the same time. The professional gentleman attached to the above-mentioned distinguished corps has hitherto been in the habit of rejecting all crooked-legged remounts and other deformities, a practice similar to that of the Surgeon-Major who rejects all club-footed or lop-sided recruits, but the legislature may possibly be invoked before long to

make them more humane for the future. Well, if in its generosity it can be induced to take all the remnants of the present period into war-pay in order to keep the peace, and award compensation to all present proprietors on the strictest condition that it really is clean, straight understandings that are to be henceforth reared up, and no others, let us clench with that compassionate understanding, and any person found hereafter parading a bent and bung'd leg in any public place should, like those who don't pay, be put in the pillory.

Be it understood, however, we positively intend to retain our full liberty to bet as we like. It is the only sure path to test the Educational Scheme, and prove whether Greek and Latin scholars, or their dons either, can hold a candle to the wide-awake students under turf tutelage, and stand an open *viva voce* competition with those algebraical bookmakers. Immediately they venture out of their confined classical cloisters on to geometrical going ground, they soon have practical proof of there being no royal road to learning. Why did they not enter at that college first, where four-legged instincts are grappled with, serviceable science plainly illustrated, and the art of moving forward intelligibly expounded? Their own two-

legged instincts, which must have warned many from the beginning that horses, not Horace, was their ambition, would then have been doubled; and a couple of seasons passed in that hemisphere would have taught them that vigilance was fully as needful as Virgil, and would have lined their larder with something more lucrative than Latin. Had Paterfamilias helped them in this direction they would have learnt the prosody of the period, and would neither have been hoaxed nor made a harvest of. The sign-posts were clearly up, but, with unpardonable purblind precipitation, they took the wrong course, and, according to the laws of Nature's Club, they have been distanced; the consequence is they are now left to deal in promissory paper, while their half-compromised classical Paters are deservedly left to pay the piper. There may be still time for some to retrieve. Though well milked they may not be muffs; but there is a deal of leeway, I calculate, to make up, and unless they "go in" to listen to the latest interpretative lectures which, I can vouch for, are eminently demonstrative of the fact that, with full knowledge of a four-legger, they would be rarely baffled by a two-legger, I doubt their ever being able to beat to wind-

ward of their adversaries. Try then "*Reculez pour mieux sauter.*"

But what is to be done with those paradoxical politicians who have striven to upset this betting test of crucial education, and to lead the country off the proper scent? The subject in dispute is not the keeping of human heads straight so much as the keeping of horses' legs straight, and morality consists quite as much in the one as in the other; but as the two sciences are admitted to be most intimately intertwined, the legislature will consequently best arrange by taking them both in unison. With regard to Messrs. Green and Gander, who, at the instigation of Messrs. Muff and Milksop, proposed to abolish betting, merely because there would then be no other method left of proving who might be right and who wrong; and who stated that, if abolished, it was to be hoped that would bring on a fling at Tattersall's, they, seeing the utter discomfiture, not to say ducking, they were likely to bring on themselves, by attempting to bring a civilized state into such a chaos, instantly recanted, and disclaimed any such interpretation of their words. Mr. Green said he had been misinterpreted, and Mr. Gander said he had been misreported, and that

what Mr. Green really did mean, and what Mr. Gander really did say, was, that if betting was botched, not that it would bring on a fling at Tattersall's, but that it would bring the Ring to Tatters all.

Bravo, five to one on Green and Gander. Fifty to one 'gainst Muff and Milksop. Good, still a dead stop must be put to the propagation of crooked legs if we are to be saved from a voyage across the Channel for all descriptions of our equine requirements. Foreigners have no need to be taught in what a straight well formed symmetrical leg consists. They appear to know it by natural instinct, and if they bid high when over here they are not such gulls as to return home with any that are damaged, or that show hereditary malformation. They are capable of comprehending Nature's instructions that "Like will generally beget like;" and by rigid attention to this, and not overworking their young, there will soon be markets both in Russia, Italy, Germany, and France, that will compel you to acknowledge their understandings are superior to your understandings, for it is to these countries you will have to go, as well as myself; and sick as I am of that pitching see-saw passage over the water, I am sicker still

of those pinched-in heels and squinting stumps. I hear it said "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." That may be so, but on the English coast they must be wandering about frightened to show their legs, or there must be something wrong with the fishermen or their nets. Whatever it may be, those brought to the market are seldom inviting, and if partaken of are found to be very indigestible.

Once in my life, and once only, I purchased a yearling without seeing the sire. I kept him, as I always do the one or two I can afford, until he was turned of three years old before either breaking or shoeing. The brute's legs notwithstanding began to crook and bung before three months had passed, though he never had more than ten minutes trot in the day, and that very gently. A plough-boy, whose eye once caught the bulbous bosses around his pasterns, cried out to me—

"Sir, your horse has been galloping over my grounds and purloining the onions."

"Gallop," I said in my innocence, "he is only four years old, and has never had a gallop in his life."

"No matter o' that," returned the boy, "his father did then, and he has stolen them from him."

This made me seek a sight of his sire's legs.

"Sire Harkaway." It was a sight. They strongly resembled the legs of the Louis Quinze chairs, richly adorned with holly stick knobs, being not only curved to that fashion, but having lumps and bumps and bony excrescences all over; thus my treasure that had been taken care of at such trouble and expense during his minority, was fast becoming like his once much admired sire, despite bandages, and the never having more than ten stone on his back, including saddle. He cost me, with keep, &c. £.175 before I ever mounted him, and after sixteen months of walking and very gentle trotting exercise I sold him for £.17, full £.10 more than he was worth, though his upper build, colour and all else was indisputably correct. That was not the worst of it. The affair became known; I was laughed at, twice called a muff, and had to resign my appointment as chief of the amateurs; the consequence has been that whereas formerly I got twenty shillings for every copy of my Griffin's Aide-de-Camp, I am now forced to sell these most instructive Letters for less than twenty pence. I relate the whole story here because Colonel Backgammon wormed it out of the under ostler at my manufactory, by giving him half-a-crown, and he then shabbily called

upon his partner, Count Garniture, for half of his lay out, or one shilling and threepence, for the information. Take warning, and attend to the poetical distich on this head in Letter II. on page 40.

Travelling into other regions we alight on different kinds of horses, and different kinds of masters, farmers, dealers, country and town gentry, &c. men for whose especial benefit the owners of race horses say they run their thorough-bred stock, and not only say, but actually compel them to believe it. The farmer breeders are treated first, but they often make their selection quite regardless of legs and feet, for as they keep the produce unbroken and unshod, until two, three or four years old, the hereditary defects may not obtrude until they are well out of their hands. The misfortune both for themselves and the public is, they still cling to the hope that all the handsome points there may be in the thorough-bred sire will be reproduced with the good legs and feet of their own dams, and that all the bad qualities of each will be lost. Common observation alone might teach how numerous the chances are against them. If farmer breeders and horsemen would all join together in collective wisdom and determination, a far superior horse to what we now get might soon

be produced, and that quite independent of any thorough-bred parents. Take a three-parts to seven-eighths bred unblemished sire, with about the same quantity of breeding in an equally unblemished dam. Through this process the same quantity of good breeding would be obtained as by mixing thorough-bred blemished legged winners with half to three parts bred mares, whilst the produce would stand free of all leg defects, and would be far more valuable and far more suitable for either charger, hunter or hack, than by keeping to the present system, which too often brings forth the faults of both. To have *a perfect, and perfectly handsome horse*, it must no doubt be quite thorough-bred, though there is not one thorough-bred in a hundred that is perfectly handsome, yet if not quite thorough-bred there is sure to be visible some little want of superfine form or appearance, either in the forehead, or jowl, or lips, or nostrils, or ears, or eyes, or in the quarter, or in the skin, or elsewhere, that will always denote a falling short of *perfectly* handsome purity.

Three-parts to seven-eighths bred, out of two clean, strong, straight, uninjured legged parents, is what ninety out of every hundred horsemen want, and this they might get. This they evidently

have not. The farmers, however, having gone on their own erroneous principle, the dealers are unluckily often left with only Hobson's choice; and they, not for once, like myself, but annually neglectful of the acute axiom in the before adverted to poetical distich, have the mortification to find that many of their purchases will not even stand the breaking-in before the slant-aside leg or other defect breaks out; hence they have no alternative but to offer them to their confiding customers as valuable fresh horses; and if not valuable, still fresh they undoubtedly are, and well suited to freshmen, for they serve to impart to them valuable experience. Many of the *élite* of this class on "coming out" keep entirely outside the thorough-bred railings, yet it is amusing to witness the adroitness with which even their pockets are pruned in the small way, and that, often, by their quondam own collegiate friends.

"Quœrenda pecunia primum, virtus post nummos."
Make money by our horses; virtuous donkeys are our forces.

Consequently they are from necessity continually chopping and changing. The hunting season past, and all the foxes gone under the hills, they jump to the conclusion that this must be the most

opportune time to come over the "flats," and it is surprising to see what adepts they suddenly become, not only in the knowledge of rolling bandages, but also in subsequently getting rid of their "capital cross country conductors." Their very superior stable management has often been graphically described to me. One has assured me of the magical efficacy of his purifying plasters, and of his evaporating lotions; another of his unequalled ointment for the feet; while many have catechized me as to why I could object to bandages when half the trainers, half the hunters, and half the dealers used them. To these last I have replied that I had not the smallest objection to bandages, but that I had the greatest objection to legs that so much required them. The answer, I am inclined to think, was fully as useful as their unrivalled management. I have visited the stables of these first-rate fielders. Stables! Animals tied up in stalls of about six feet in width, so that it was dangerous to their backs even to turn in. I have had occular demonstrative proof of the manifold advantages of their treatment. Legs put before me that any fox would be frightened at running foul of, and that even harriers would feel huffed at being hunted with; yet there are count-

less cherry-ripe crying songsters who would fain persuade me that these oblong donkey-footed five and twenty pounders, so well known with the Hack and Hansom hounds for carrying peas around their pasterns, would, like the trainers' cast off screws, do also very well for ordinary riding, and would make such pretty park paraders. Beautiful! Nothing wanted but a bumpkin on the saddle to perfect the picture. After listening to these disinterested dissertations, I could not help being forcibly reminded of the hair dresser who so similarly eulogized his hair preparations, and assured me of the certain improvement they would be to my head. I consequently took the liberty of asking him one day how old he was. "Forty-five," was the reply. "Then I am fifty," I said; "and now behold your own crown partly bald and partly grey, whilst mine is neither the one nor the other. It would better become you to ask me for a recipe how to keep your hair in proper trim than to dilate on your nostrums for mine." And this is my retort to all chattering counsellors of stable treatment who are unable to exhibit horses with either decent legs or decent feet themselves. Look on this foot I say, then on that.

One of my cousins who came to cut up my

"country cows," (and he did it very correctly, yet acknowledging he was a little baulked and could not find much fault with the lower stories), remarked:—"You are not a fair criterion to judge by. You never work your legs crooked." That is the very reason, I said, they happen to be straight —and the same reason applies to my cows' heels; they are never closed, because I take good care to keep them open. What English people want, is to have their harness horses trotting about from two to four hours a day, going from fifteen to twenty miles; and their hunters also to do double work, and both with impunity. Coachmen have often a good share in looking out for the carriage horses; and when there is no master the selection is not unfrequently left entirely to them. After about twelve months the bent, or the shaky, or the round, or the holly-stick leg comes to view. Coachee then won't allow that he could have chosen rotten timbers; nor will he allow, that if good, he ever drove them into this state, so it is all put down to the unaccountable,—a favorite expression with those who won't take the trouble to open their eyes. The truth is, the error is two-fold. The judgment was at fault in choosing such legs; and again in the incessant trotting of them

beyond what they have been able to bear. Coachee has the whip in his hand, and he is quite miserable unless he is incessantly "just touching them" to amuse himself, and that amusement upon inferior instruments is at a heavy expense to the owner, that is, if he has any taste; and if not, and there is no dislike to driving such orthopedic looking animals, why have laid out so much money in purchasing what we thought good? Why not have taken a couple of cheap round-about wrinkled legs from my hospital instead? Or why not have jobbed a couple of the regular stone pounders just fresh from Jericho? I have no pretention to driving myself, but I drove two English blood horses about Paris for a whole month without any whip, having sent the coachman back to London, because he couldn't drive them quietly with one, and he thought it looked so odd to drive them without. Every person, it is said, has his peculiar qualifications, and I will back an English coachman, especially a Londoner, to fill a horse's pasterns quicker than any other native of this planet; and I will back his credulous master for the most simple gaze of amazement when coachee, in reply to any question about these pasterns, runs his hand down them, and answers:—"Ah! there's

not much the matter there." "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

There may have existed a class of horses in England some sixty years ago, at the time that thorough-bred sires of six or seven years old, grown to their full strength and having decently clean legs, were procurable to breed from, that would have stood a great deal of incessant work. There are not five per cent. that will stand it now. Two seasons may sometimes be got over, but if the stumps were rickety in both the parents, perhaps not one. Had the sire and dam been sought out and inspected before the slave was decided on, it would have been easy to detect any faults he might have inherited, and one could then have judged with some little certainty whether they lay in his parentage, or in his breaking in; or whether they lay with the coachman, or with the master himself; for there is no blinking the fact that there must have been a faulty understanding somewhere. Arguments, excuses, and recriminations however will come too late when the evil is done, and whether the pace may have been fast or slow, and the distance thirty-five miles or only five miles, would matter not; more work would have been given than the legs could stand, and every

one that may be brought into this over-worked state, will very properly be condemned to suffer a diminished value of eighty to ninety per cent. according to the quantity and size of the peas, beans, or onions found in their fetlock fobs.

A most interesting letter from an universally known gentleman, appeared in one of the daily papers some two months ago, recommending the Government to have regular studs so as to insure our cavalry, &c. being properly mounted; and if some measure of the kind is not resorted to, and the private breeders of horses should also refuse to listen to the contents of this little pamphlet on that subject, I fear we are likely soon to go from bad to worse. The description of horse required for cavalry is stated in a few words at page 65 of my "Aide-de-camp" before referred to, as follows:—"Size, strength and activity with fresh, strong legs; tough feet, and open heels, are the grand *desiderata* for the cavalry." To obtain these qualifications sires and dams must be chosen which possess them; and after that masters must be selected who are capable of pairing these sires and dams to the greatest advantage, so as to better any doubtful point, and get rid of any undesirable white leg or displeasing shade of colour. There

are few English horsemen, stable-men, classical men, or moneyed men, who do not deem themselves fully equal to this task, and I have, therefore, only to state, that whether they have gained their education in Blindfold Alley, or in Castle Square, they will all eventually be compelled to bow to the truism that "Like will beget like." For while it is no very uncommon occurrence to alight on folks so clever as to be able to turn all their geese into swans, yet it will prove labour in vain to attempt to get horses from donkeys*.

And now if you will take the word of a trusty teetotaler, who never took stronger than half-and-

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* The average weight of an English Life Guardsman, Heavy Dragoon, Light Dragoon (Hussar), Light Dragoon (Lancer), French Cuirassier, and German Uhlan is stated, at about as follows:—

	Weight in ordinary dress. st.	lb.	Weight when mounted. st.	lb.
Life Guardsman,	11	4	20	11
Heavy Dragoon,	11	7	19	6
Light Dragoon (Hussar),	11	7	19	1¼
Light Dragoon (Lancer),	11	7	19	0
French Cuirassier,	11	11	19	0
German Uhlan,	11	6	17	2

According to this the average weight of a Life Guardsman is the lightest of the six, but when mounted he is the heaviest. And the average weight of a Light Dragoon appears as heavy as a Heavy Dragoon; the only difference

half, I am really in possession of an unguent of unmistakeable value. The recipe was presented to me by the present chief of Camden Town on the day I resigned my appointment. To all choppers and changers, plasterers and purifiers, it is worth a pound a pot.

THE OINTMENT.

Take 1 drachm of full-grown caution,
1 drachm of strong common sense,
1 drachm of unquestionable good taste.
To this add two drops of clear-strained eyesight.
Mix and rub well into your own head.

The natural effect from sympathy will be quickly visible in the straight clean limbs and open

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being the extra weight of five or six pounds with the Heavy Dragoon when mounted. English thorough-breds would no doubt be the best description of horses for all light cavalry purposes *provided* they had the indispensable *desiderata* noticed above, with no mistake whatever below the knee. And if sires and dams alone were taken which possessed these, and instead of being trained for the turf were gradually inured to rough it a little in the open air, an hereditary predisposition in the yearlings to greater hardiness would be the result; and these yearlings, when grown up, might then stand campaigning as well as their original parents—the Arab horses, besides being able to carry far heavier weights. The elegant contour of head, and the gracefully carried tail of the Arab, as well as the fine limbs, have been lost in more than one-half of the present English stock through injudicious crossing and over-training.

heels of your horse. Should any crookedness, gumminess, or contraction be seen after this, you may take it for granted the ointment has been absorbed into barren brains. Repeat the dose and knock it (the head) against the wall to rouse it into healthy action.

The foregoing pages having pointed out and fully exemplified the impossibility of the public ever obtaining what in this country they have a right to expect, namely, a good horse for a fair price, unless the present ideas of improvement and the present English system undergo a very material transformation, I will pen a consolatory paragraph for those few who, discontented and ashamed at the appearance of the thorough-bred riding horses they daily see, may be anxious to get mounted on something more becoming their own good taste, and more worthy their own dignity.

In the existing state of affairs there is but one path to pursue; but to those who take pride in their steed it is worth the trouble to risk it. Go down early in spring to the Middle Park, Hampton Court, or other stud, and take a view of the yearlings in their rough state. Here you will find them like diamonds unpolished, and here you must make your selection. Considering a sight of

both sire and dam are open to you this is not difficult to do. Then, when the grand day for action arrives, buckle on your armour and return to the spot where your selected treasure stands. The change in the appearance from the long, furry, soft winter coat to the short fine silky summer one, will have produced such an alteration that, if unaccustomed to yearlings, you may hardly recognize your choice; but, having done so, what before you were only delighted with you will now be enamoured of.

Do not feel frightened at some of the favourites being knocked down at from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds. That cannot be considered so very enormous for yearlings that in two years' time may win twenty to thirty thousand, and where the owner may have paid four or five thousand for the sire and one or two for the dam. Under these circumstances, with the stakes and betting in prospective, and the beautiful state in which they leave the stud, they may be cheap at two thousand pounds, though three years after they may be dear at as many pence; but as you intend bidding only for shape and beauty, caring naught whether the parents won or lost, or never ran at all, you may occasionally become possessed

of a first-rate for a clear hundred, a few more or less. Do not lose your choice for a ten pound note; but, having got it, make arrangements for the due preservation thereof in half to an acre of paddock *to itself*, with a wooden shed about fifteen feet square, fronting to the south at the end. Were you an owner of acres two years' run in this would cost, comparatively, a mere trifle; but in that case you probably would not have the sense to do it. If not an owner, about thirty to thirty-five pounds each year (for a little corn must be allowed during the spring and autumn as well as all the winter), will cover the expenses and have to be added to the purchase. To those who inveigh against this method, saying "racing about fields will produce windgalls quite as quick as work," I have to observe, fields were not recommended, nothing but an acre or less; and also, if the sire and dam were free of windgalls the chances are a hundred to one that your purchase will remain free of them too. Exercise it must have, and this is the only proper exercise.

At three years old it can be gently broken; but, in lieu of any shoeing whatever, stand each foot in an iron saucer, sunk a little in the centre and not quite red hot, for *ten* seconds, pouring into

the saucer, the *instant* each foot is down, a large tumbler full of the strongest alum water. The crust will not chip after this, and the operation should be repeated monthly, putting some tar and grease to the frog afterwards.

At four years old your treasure may have cost you from £.200 to £.300; but if well selected as to shape, colour, and carriage, it will be worth more than double, and you may then, without vanity, bestow on it the glorified name of the Koh-i-noor, for there will be no other handsome, fresh and unblemished thorough-bred to compare with it. "Blair Athol," "Saunterer," and now "Gladiateur," &c., are in high repute on this estate at present; but, for my purpose, my fancy went on "King John," and had it not been for an unfortunate hole in my pocket, I might at this moment have had one of his descendants to rest a satisfied eye on. Next year, 1871, "*nous verrons.*"

An ancestor of the renowned gentleman who will knock down to you your selection, was possessed of that superbly beautiful horse "Oakley." I had a colt foal by him from "Alboni." Here neither sire nor dam had a blemish of the slightest description, and the foal having been born an exact counterpart of the sire, was of equal value to me.

"Oakley" was a bright bay with black points, Arab head and Arab carried tail; about sixteen hands high, and with legs, feet, &c. all perfect; yet I was told that this unsurpassed, I should say unequalled animal for beauty, was permitted to leave the proprietors' paddocks for 800 guineas. Another 0 at the end would not have made such a picture dear, for his very skin was worth 500 if only to have it stuffed for an exhibition. This serves as a further encouragement to all who will be content with perfectness of form and colour to determine for themselves, and not allow their own pure judgment to be confiscated at the shrine of a list of performances. *Au contraire*, always keep fully in memory and before your eyesight the correct model of a perfect thorough-bred, or of the George III. Statue, and wait patiently the eventful day when all these enticing yearlings are destined to quit their paternal home. On that morning, should you be quite a stranger, seek before the service begins to make your countenance known to the master who is to mount the pulpit, so that when your choice is brought to the front you may have confidence to nod quickly and resolutely, for in less than a minute the Amen will be pronounced by a tap of that hammer from which there is no appeal;

but then I predict that the plain English in which I have particularized all the material points will have piloted you safe to perfection. Should your object be solely for speed and performance that is *une autre chose*, and you must go to another pair of shoes for counsel, though I feel pretty well convinced that by perusing these Letters twice you will be equally well shod for that. A perfect form of thorough-bred charger may make an excellent racer; for "Oakley," I believe, was one of the fastest over the T.Y.C. course, whilst "Muley Moloch," the finest horse I ever set eyes on for a racer, would never have been esteemed so perfect a form for a charger, so useful a form for a hunter, or so beautiful a form for a park parader as "Oakley."

I have here reached that stage where I will answer a question which I overheard not very complaisantly put, "Who is this fellow, Spurs?" There are two of us. We are twin brothers, and so alike that nobody can tell which is which. He was christened Sharp and I Blunt. Sharp is of few words, and whenever he encounters another person of the same name as himself he sheers off at once, merely saying "No go," whereas Blunt writes, and sometimes bluntly. We are citizens

of the world. We praise good horses and abuse bad in whatever country, castle, or cabin we find them. We are thankful to any person who will put us right or impart to us any information; but hark, we are neither of us to be "Hark-a-way'd" a second time by any peasant, prince, or prophet. Our united efforts have this morning summed up all the foregoing parables into the following short poetical prayer :—

We like your English blood attached to good shaped Arab heads,
But we war against contracted heels, and also crooked legs.
If we're obliged to trot along on steeds with pinched-in heels,
'Tis just as bad as going to sea in tubs with rotten keels.
Our gallant tars don't take weak ships they cannot keep from stranding;
In mercy then give us straight legs—a clean, sound understanding,
And heads and tails, and colour too, our troopers now should muster,
Then be a brick, rear stock like this, 'twill give the country lustre.
Heed not, your ship and splendid crew may on French coast be grounded;
For "the last time," then, tack about, or dash me, we're all drownded.

The cloth is now cleared and you have had a very fair dinner for your 3*s.* 6*d.*, far better than

you will get from any opposition house; nevertheless, as the reflecting salver is garnished with apples, onions, jaw-work and cheese, I beg you partake of the dessert.

First Plate. "On dit," that a grand Committee for improving the breed of horses is soon to be gathered together. Not before it is time, and I herewith offer a few maxims for its guidance which Dame Nature instilled into me at the time apples were first eaten.

A black sire and black dam with black legs will generally get a black foal with the same. If the grand sire and grand dam were both black all over, the chances are greater still the foal will be black all over. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam were black all over it would be almost certain the foal would be black all over.

A bay sire and bay dam both with black points, will generally get a bay foal with black points. If the grand sire and grand dam were also bay and both with black points, the chances are greater still the foal will be bay with black points. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam were both bay with black points, it would be almost certain the foal would be the same.

A sire and dam with Arabian cast of heads and well carried tails will generally get a foal with these handsome qualifications. If the grand sire and grand dam had them, the chances will be greater still in its favour; and, if in addition, the great grand sire and great grand dam had them, the foal would be almost certain to have them too.

A sire and dam with straight and unblemished legs and good feet will generally get a foal with the same. If the grand sire and grand dam possessed these valuable qualities, the chances would be still greater in its favour. If, in addition to this, the great grand sire and great grand dam possessed them, the foal would be almost certain to have them, and in judicious hands to retain them all its life. If kept out of a trainer's hands it would be quite certain.

A sire or dam with crooked or wind-galled legs or bad feet, will generally get a foal with the same execrable defects; at least they will be nearly certain to come if exercised beyond walking work until it arrives at five years old, and great care must be taken even after that. If the grand sire and grand dam had them, the chances are, that with such a predestined and pestilential pedigree you will be puzzled to what purpose to put your

prize. It is, however, rarely requisite to trace back beyond the immediate sire and dam. The verse relates that the same applies with equal force to man :—

"Symmetrical figure with beauty combined,
Proves true blood in horses as well as mankind ;
The giving great names then, or titles, 'tis clear,
Can ne'er change the blood though you call it 'The Peer.'"

Perhaps you will say everybody knows all this, and it is not worth an apple. Well, if everybody knows it, the greater the pity somebody doesn't attend to it. The grand committee it is to be hoped will.*

Take a horse with straight unblemished legs and then break one by a blow. Or, take a horse

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* Lord Byron wrote, *Don Juan*, canto iv., stanza 45,—

"Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears."

And again, canto v., stanza 106,—

"Though on more thorough-bred or fairer fingers ;"

and in a note on this line he says: "There is, perhaps, nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood aristocracy can generate."

A pretty hand and foot in either sex is no doubt to be envied; but he had an equal admiration for beauty of countenance and due proportion of form: and for either male or female to be *thoroughly* good-looking and elegant every point must, no

with two good eyes, and then poke one out—the progeny would not suffer the slightest detriment from those accidents; but it would be a very different affair if the leg had been crooked, or spavined, or otherwise injured by over-work, or the eye had been lost by disease from hot and ill-ventilated stables. In these last cases there would be a constitutional taint, and the sire or dam would have so depreciated in value as to be instantly rejected by any man whose taste was not vitiated from having kept such company. Did everybody know that before? Well then, if Parliament could only be persuaded to buy up all such disfigured parents and pistol them, to preserve the public from being plagued with their perfidious produce, I could promise them plates of golden pippins.

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doubt, be perfect. In these days of education, however, a fine fresh free-going understanding will be accepted as the most useful blood for either man or horse.

Another poet, of less celebrity, says:

"'Tis hard to find a man who hasn't any flaw,
Still, when invited to shake hands, don't stretch out a huge paw."

Lord Byron also wrote that "The Egyptians worshipped an onion for a god." If any unbelieving English choose to give their more substantial gold in exchange for onions, they might at least imitate the Egyptian good taste in not publicly allowing their horses to carry them about their ankles.

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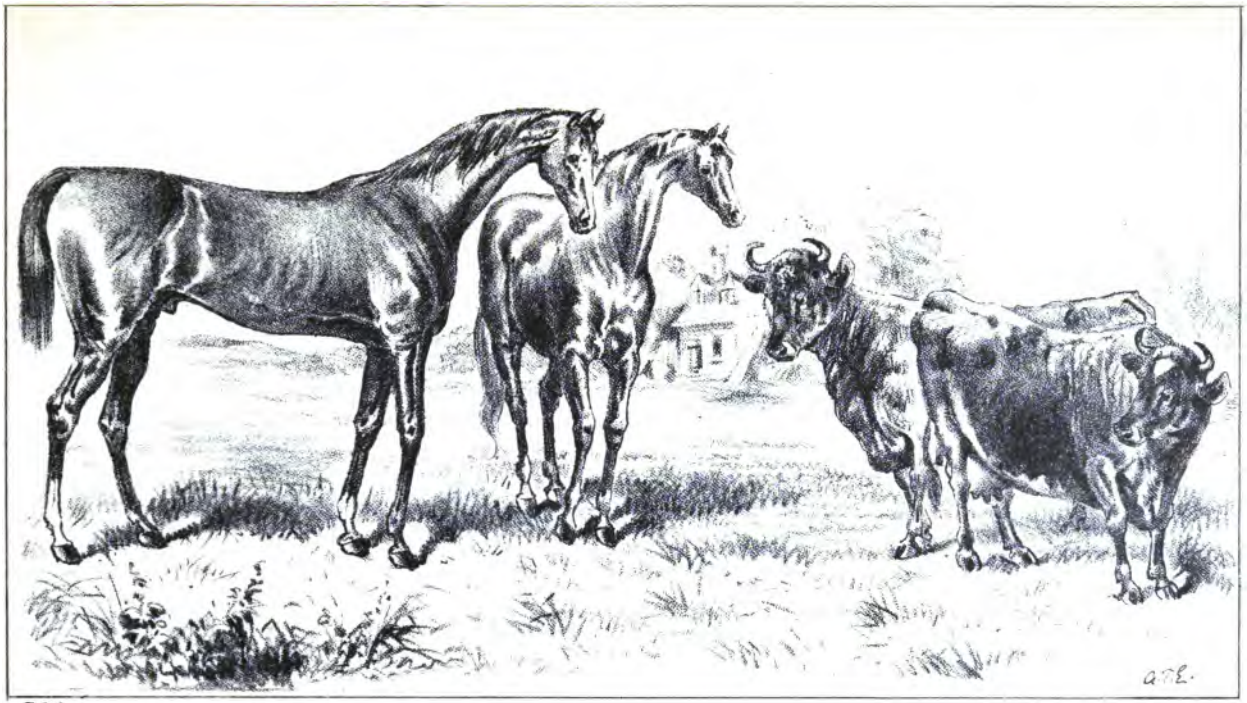

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Second Plate. This is strong seasoning for "the season," but some horses do carry them, and some riders do swallow them. Well, what are wind-galls? Well, what is a bottle nose? Why, a cruel, ugly eye-sore. Wind-galls, then, are when the oleaginous fluid in the little mucous bags becomes inspissated and thickened to the consistence of gum, hence the fetlocks look gummy. When further diseased by over-work, assisted by hereditary predisposition, they become harder yet, like glue. At last, having entirely ceased to be oleaginous, they are turned to the cart for having turned cartilaginous.

And what are crooked legs? Legs that are not straight, and which you had better leave in the hands of the trainers who crooked them. The effects, from sympathy, are so great in respect to legs that two solid straight-legged armchairs belonging to Count Garniture were, from their proximity to his racing stock, found gradually bending to the Louis Quinze fashion; and though the cows' legs in the field resisted it, their eyes were always found squinting askance whenever they came within sight of them.

Third Plate. These are plentiful and cheap, but they are a hard, tiresome, and most insidious

relish. Let me offer you the crackers. Well, what are contracted heels? Heels where the wings of the coffin bone, from being squeezed for want of room behind, have fluttered forward and settled down towards the toe. (No professional writing will ever convey the meaning so clear as that.) The foot in consequence has lengthened out, and turned into a bell shape. When tenderness first comes on, freshmen are fond of sending these feet into a salt marsh; but it will take a great deal more salt than there is in the sea to bring back the wings of the coffin bone from this abnormal shape to their original form. If people would only habituate themselves to keep the feet moist with a daily two hours' fresh water bath *before* contraction has commenced, they would have no need to go searching for salt marshes.

It is difficult to decide positively what is inside of a nut-shell until it is cracked; and it is equally difficult to decide positively as to the inside of a horse's foot; but as hard nuts make the teeth ache, so hard roads make the feet ache, and without constant surveillance this will rapidly lead to the pocket ache; for, as the heels diminish in width, so the horny frog diminishes. As the horny frog diminishes so the sensible frog diminishes. As the

sensible frog diminishes so the fatty frog—the elastic cushion—diminishes, and loses its soft unctuous matter, bringing it step by step, perhaps not to the cart, but more certainly to the charnel house. This state is greatly accelerated by allowing the coachman (who firmly believes that the inside of a horse's foot consists of one large piece of solid flesh, which if squeezed a little behind will push out in front "and be none the worse for it,") to take the horses to Farrier Knowall's to *see* them *properly* shod. It would be invidious to apportion out the exact quantity of blame to be divided between the master, the driver, and the farrier; but the owner may rest assured that when the foot is dissected, "just as the season is coming on," the ends of one of the back sinews which ought to have been partially imbedded in the naturally soft, fatty, elastic cushion, will, from having been in contact with some dried-up unyielding mass instead, invariably be found spread out into the following capital letters—SERVES YOU RIGHT. The only effectual cure known for this state after lameness has commenced, consists in giving six drops of coffin drawback every six hours, striking the coffin-bone at the toe at the same time with a sledge hammer. Do not omit the sledge hammer.

Fourth Plate. "A good dinner deserves a good drink, and a bad dinner deserves a good drink to make up for it." A good foot deserves a good shoe, and a bad foot deserves a good shoe to bring it right. Well,—but a well is no use without any water, and water is the most essential requisite to bring a pure bred foot into good order, or to keep it in that state. Well, taste the Neufchatel cheese, and then we will separate. That shoe and treatment must be allowed to be the best that keeps the heels the most open, and the foot in the best order. No one particular shoe is suited for all kinds of feet but the shoe of Monsieur Charlier, (as stated in a newspaper lately sent me), not only keeps the heels open and the feet in good order, but opens those heels that are closed, bringing disorganized feet into their proper shape; moreover, wind-galls are found gradually to disappear under its use. This last effect is beyond measure a most important desideratum, and the discovery is worth whole field of onions. As, however, you are likely to find many horses which will obstinately resist deriving all the above enumerated advantages, I strongly recommend you to embrace the system you may have gleaned from this more fruitful forge. I have a shoe of my own fancy also, and with it

and my treatment wind-galls never appear, unless gained from the sire or dam, consequently you need never be fruitlessly employed in trying to make them disappear. With regard to the feet and heels I presume you will admit that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. If then you should dispute the following peremptory peroration, I likewise presume you will be prepared to pay the penalty.

Tar the frog which bring to the ground, remember now, to touch it,
Allow no stupid Know-all goose to take his knife and cut it.

BUT,

Lower the heel, shorten the toe,
Keep the foot in moisture, soak it,
And thus you'll get frog width, *I'll bet.*
Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it.

Unbiassed and horse-buying reader. Were you ever in company with a man very much out of temper saying, "I am not in the least angry?" You will observe the same kind of countenance whenever you find anybody threatening to throw away these letters. It would indeed be much more profitable to put them under the pillow and sleep over them; for the arguments adduced in the literary warfare through the press regarding the running of two and three-year-olds, have about as much to do with directing the way to obtain a

good horse and avoid a bad one, or with the improving the breed, as watering the top leaves of a decaying apple tree would have to do with improving it. An intelligent gardener with the interest of his public master at heart, would go to the foundation at once and refreshen the roots, and see the stem was not hacked about; the fruit by this means would more likely be good and saleable than by any splitting of hairs about the top leaves.

In conclusion, then, I think that on reflection, if you are not in an angry mood, you will coincide with most of the opinions here pronounced, otherwise I must ask, whether there is not to be some acknowledged orthodox principal to appeal to, to hold the stakes, and decide between us; for here we are with a stable club thorough-bred committee militant, and various sects of other descriptions likewise militant, in this pre-eminently militant state. In the interim, therefore, why should I not also take their united, unchangeable, but most unconscionable motto? "Only let me and my party be the ruling power," or "*Guerre à outrance.*"

BLUNT SPURS,

MASTER

Over all the Donkeys.

CONCLUSION.

"Blunt Spurs is dead." "I'm glad of that." So said two
Derby Debtors,
"For writing those three curt and irritating letters."
"But he's a Spiritualist, and well versèd in progression;
Last month his apparition came, and now his resurrection."

ON GOOD TASTE.

"Caste resides in the apprehension of those who are conscious of some refinement wanting in the grade just below their own."

"The pig to the pig: the ass to the ass is beautiful."—*Horace.*

NOTICE.

The Three Letters on "The Horse, Master, and Donkey," by Blunt Spurs, are prohibited being sold in London, or twelve miles round.

By order,

JIM FRIGHT.

"VULTUS EST INDEX ANIMI."

These letters, I'm told, have produced such bad galls,
That the sale is forbidden on any book-stalls;
For the truths they contain are so clear and so killing,
That none will be sold by either SMITH or WILLING.

Well, some rich roughs burked me by an underhand parry,
So with them and with frights I will now play Old Harry.
To hint wealth proves not high caste to some will hot fuel be,
Then I must plead guilty to some mental cruelty.

That coarse looks prove coarse breeding some great may bemoan;
But for fine and sweet visage fine seed must be sown.
To deny such plain fact tends to prove one's self coarse;
For it holds true for man just the same as for horse.

At a very exclusive gathering of many genuine supporters of the present system for the welfare of horses, as well as their own, it was proposed :—

I.

That the room in which we are now assembled be for the future called "The General Improvement Room." Advised by Monsieur Lunette: That, previous to the above being publicly announced, all the chairs should have new legs and feet; and as there was a great likelihood of the tables being soon turned, it would be as well to take time by the forelock, and turn over a new leaf.

II.

That, so long as the public can be induced to purchase damaged stumps, they shall be plentifully supplied. The Committee decline to give any information as to where the proper ointment is to be found, to prevent those who may have purchased such from being ever gulled again. The public should be left to find that out for themselves. If not possessed of sufficient intellectual capacity to do so, *tant pis* for them. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

III.

That all thorough-bred stock should be compelled to run at two years old, and to continue running until their legs and feet were injured. After which, they should be strongly recommended for the stud, so that no person of moderate means should ever be able to purchase another yearling that not had the true hereditary crook in its constitution. It was here suggested by General Clairvoyance that, in carrying out this game, they might deprive them-

selves also of ever obtaining clean, straight legs; but the majority vociferated, "*N'importe, n'importe!*" on which General Clairvoyance remarked that, for his own private use, he was already obliged to import, consequently he could not join in the cry of *n'importe*.

IV.

Resolved: That no outsider who is not possessed of an annual income of upwards of five thousand pounds shall presume to pass judgment on any legs of furniture, or of horses, or of men, appertaining in any way to the General Improvement Room.

The assembly which sat was mere *fanfarronade*,
So these writings may make racing folks very mad:
They are too mild by half for all those who raffle
To crook our dumb blood-stock. With them I will grapple.

Great Turfites seem minded to swamp all my letters,
The Punisher thus to exhibit in fetters.
You're mistaken, big Windgalls, to think such my fate is,
I'll now write more *piquant*, and give away gratis.

'Twas not for your money that I used my brain,
'Twas to save the poor horse from ill-usage and pain.
So I'll pray every night for each leg which you crook,
That each of your offspring may have a club-foot.

Are my useful writings to be thus frustrated,
And shall I submit to be thus checkmated?
To gag, stifle, and swamp me, some would have recourse.
This deserves a retort. I'll now paint Man and Horse.

Ugly folks all seem ruffled because it was said
That the proof of good breeding's half told by the head.
'Tis a truth true Improvers should state as a duty,
That symmetry means blood when connected with beauty.

Speed solely won't give it, nor titles, nor wealth;
But face and form show it when added to health.
Have you eyes for pure blood? then behold it below!
It is here well displayed in symmetrical Joe*

And the steed that 's beside him; for both show most clearly
Those beautiful points which your heart loves so dearly.
Man and Horse are here drawn, and I'll bet you two monkeys†
That both are true blood. No connection with donkeys.

There is no doubt that a horse of very superior speed will generally be found to possess almost all the points of true and handsome blood, but horses of great speed have been seen with drooping rounded quarters, ewe necks, plain heads, large ears, &c.; these may do equally well for the betting, but not for sires, for they would not possess true and handsome blood combined; and then, if in addition to these ugly points they were daisy-cutting goers as well, which too many thorough-bred stock are, they should be kept entirely for the turf, and might be run on to crook and contraction, for they would not be likely to produce handsome or useful chargers, hunters, or roadsters. "*Where* you have the running build, and every other external visible point in equal

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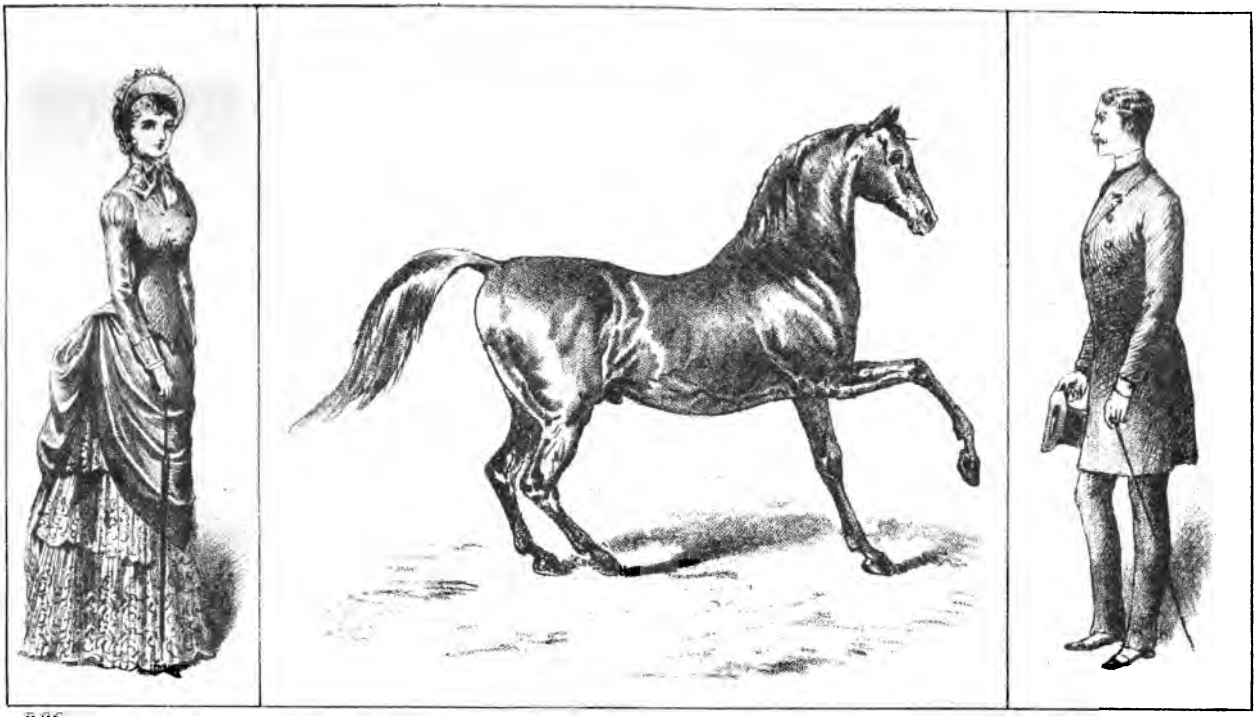
* Joe was always, and only, known by this soubriquet.

† A Monkey is £.500.



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JOE'S SELECTED.

No. 3.

SELECTED JOE.

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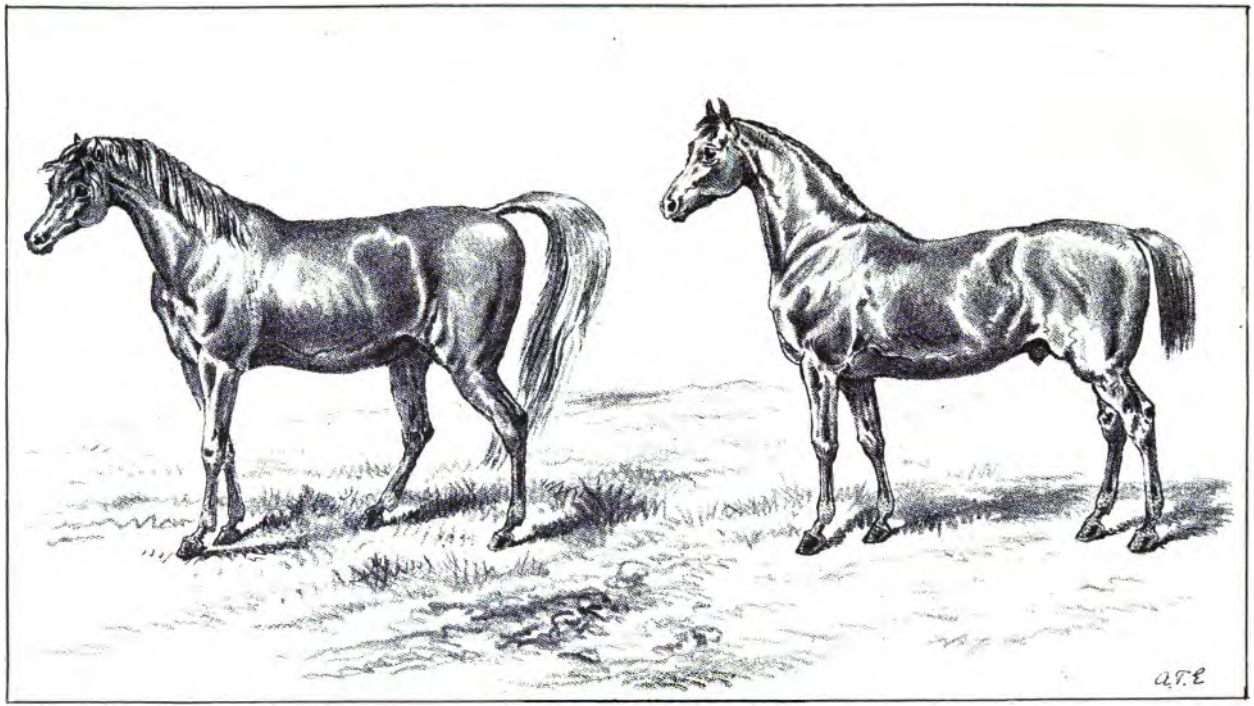
good proportion, and the training, riding, &c. equally good, then, the turf and the turf alone furnishes the only living proof of the better blood," that is for running, but do not forget the "where" at the beginning of this sentence. Of two equally perfect and handsomely formed true blood horses the speediest of course would therefore properly be preferred. But of two, the one perfectly and handsomely formed, the other not quite so symmetrical, the former, though even a trifle less speedy should be preferred as a sire, for in the next generation, if well crossed, the blood might nick for speed, and then you would have preserved the beauty also.

ON TRUE BUILD AND BEAUTY OR TRULY BEAUTIFUL BLOOD.

"Magna est veritas et prevalæbit."

Have the owners of horses, have the talkers on horses, have the public generally or individually ever reflected on the true side of their own mental faculties so as to realize the true meaning of true blood in horse and man? If they have, they appear very desirous of keeping the secret to themselves. Between you and I and the gorilla, this, as well as some other scientific questions is fast oozing out and won't stand keeping much longer. That double edge cutting knife, the compulsory education scheme, has so sharpened our intellects, that even if calmed by the soothing sedative of voluntary theology they will nevertheless never again cease thinking. As my equine and human creed are both for clear facts and no perplexing fiction, it may tend to elucidate the subject, if I



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No. 4.

No. 5.

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here relate how an uneducated lad, Wallace Wits, a cousin of symmetrical Joe's, solved that very abstruse problem of what is true blood? Two horses, Nos. 1 and 2, having been placed before him he was asked—

Question. Which is the better bred of those two?

Answer. Why No. 1 to be sure.

Question. How did you know it?

Answer. Why, by the very look of it.

Only imagine the wonderful natural ability of a lad in being able to discover the better blood of two horses by the very appearance. How the deuce he could discover it by anything else, would trouble a Brahmin Priest to tell. He found it out by the use of his eyes. Few fellows could do that I guess. Two more Nos. 4 and 5 having been brought out he was asked—

Question. Which is the better bred of those two? This is a little more difficult to answer than the last, and you must open your eyes a little wider.

Answer. Off hand. Why No. 4 to be sure.

Gifted lad. You are fit to be a preceptor and examiner at once, without going to school to have your innate born talent all muddled. Now listen. It has been asserted, and correctly asserted that

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the handsomest and most elegant of either of the sexes, will generally be found the most correct judges of true build and beauty, and as you appear a symmetrically formed and handsome lad like your cousin Joe, you may be able to comprehend the Horse Catechism, page 57 in "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp."

What gives a horse endurance? Blood.
What gives a horse speed? Ditto.
What gives a horse beauty and symmetry? Ditto.
What gives a horse a thin skin? Ditto.
What gives a horse a straight croup? Ditto.
What gives a horse large thighs? Ditto.
What gives a horse a well formed large hock? . . . . Ditto.
What gives a horse a light neck? Ditto.
What gives a horse a large eye? Ditto.
What gives a horse a wide jowl? Ditto.
What gives a horse a thin open nostril? Ditto.
What gives a horse a deep chest? Ditto.
What gives a horse a flat shank bone? Ditto.
What gives a horse a wiry limb and large back sinews? . . . Ditto.
What is the real meaning of blood? Ditto.

And the human catechism must be answered similarly, for what gives a man a handsome head,

small ears, small hands with well shaped fingers, small feet and due proportion in every part, with a fine skin and elegant "*tout ensemble?*" Why, good blood. They who doubt it should try the reverse, and then see whether the offspring is likely to take a prize at Mr. Barnum's intended great American Baby Show. After children are born, the educating them in the three R's is a primary duty no one can gainsay, but the next duty of parents should be to set about educating both sons and daughters how to obtain the four F's, namely face, figure, feet, and finger nails. Some parents themselves most probably deeply regret they were not instructed in this creed too, before they entered the matrimonial state, for the gaining possession of these endearing charms, would not only be a present wonderful wordly advantage to them, but an incalculable benefit also to their posterity, firstly in saving the female portion of their descendants from hanging heavily on hand; and secondly, the hereditary holding of these pleasurable endowments by the male portion might materially assist, as they did with symmetrical Joe and his cousin, in obtaining an additional, a fifth, F in fortune; thus the whole family would commence in easy circumstances, with undisturbed thoughts and calm unclouded brains to

reap a harvest in the study of other letters, the three H's, to be heard of now and hereafter.*

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* In "The Times" of September 21st, 1878, in an article on the Duke of Devonshire's superb cattle, there is the following relating to the human species: "The well-bred, the agreeable, the practical, the sympathetic—in a word, all who show the true type of manhood or of womanhood, as contrasted with abortive, affected or artificial developments—carry the day in the matrimonial race. Though with money and rank the less perfect goes to the wall. Nevertheless, there is such an amount of intermixture with inferior qualities, that one may sometimes contemplate with dismay, the possible degeneracy of great historical families famous in the Legislature, the Cabinet, or the Field. Indeed as a lamentable fact, the taint of some lower nature does occasionally reveal itself in families with any number of noble and royal alliances. The great lords of the creation will go on marrying whom they please. But how about the majority of the great human herd that work with the hand, that minister to our wants, that till or defend the soil? Will it ever be possible to carry out in this sphere the principle now established and bearing excellent fruit at Holker? Will a crowded amphitheatre of lords and ladies ever see paraded before their admiring eyes, the splendid results of careful selection and judicious pairing in the human species? It is to be feared the elements of the question are too complicated for that. They are moral as well as physical, and though these have much to do with one another, it is the moral element that most eludes scrutiny and defies assortment. Nevertheless, there is much to be learnt in the school of nature, for even the old heathen poet could observe that eagles will not produce doves, and that as there are breeds of horses, so there are breeds of men."

"Relentless Nature still pursues
Her stern, severe, determined course."
Thus Face and Figure you must choose
If you want blood in wife or horse*.

And the drawings in plate No. 3 are demonstrative of true blood in both horse and man, that is, of handsome, elegant, and superfine blood, pleasing to the eye of all persons of good taste, whether educated or not.

There was a story afloat, and mentioned in two volumes on the aristocracy, written about seventy years ago, that some of the handsomest blood of our nobility came from the beautiful daughter of a confectioner located during the middle of the last century in the Opera Colonnade, and poor but handsome Joe, whose volunteer valour had gained him a commission in a very distinguished regiment, became allied to one of the descendants of this blood. Wallace Wits also found his way into the army, but left early, betaking himself to gain knowledge of the world by travelling, and entering on political life, espoused the rich, lovely, and accomplished daughter of Lord Maplewood.

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* Mr. Raikes, in Parliament, 1871, "and, like the ugly child of ugly parents, showed, in their unlovely features, the source from which they were derived."

The descendants of both these families, I hear, can be easily traced by their true aristocratic appearance and very *distingué* demeanour.

Another instance of handsome blood finding its proper home is in the following: "*Galignani* announces the death of Ferdinand Munoz Duke of Rianzares, the husband of Queen Christina of Spain. He was a simple soldier in the Royal Body Guard when the Queen, then Regent during the minority of Isabella II., took him into favour, and afterwards married him. Through that union he was created duke and grandee of Spain. He had several daughters, one of whom is married to a Prince Zartoryski."

What a contrast this to the following ludicrous story of about the same era! A Mr. Deacle, famous for having amassed great wealth in the sugar line, and for having been exceedingly useful in some electioneering contests to those then in power, made bold to ask for a peerage, and he begged it might be a good-sounding name. The minister not having time to listen personally to all Mr. Deacle's wishes, requested his secretary to arrange for a name as desired. The secretary, a very high-polished but humorous man, having well scrutinized Mr. Deacle's physiognomy, wrote

what he deemed a most appropriate title, and it duly shone out in the next *Gazette*. "Mr. Deacle raised to the peerage as Baron Bowser of Brimful Court, Bermondsey." Dire was the consternation of Mr. Deacle on reading this, and he earnestly pleaded for some little alteration, which, much to his sorrow, could not then be granted. Some dozen years afterwards a change in the obnoxious title was, after much persuasion, arranged for; but, unfortunately, the fluid which circulated in his spouse's prominent veins, possessing properties akin to that in his own, gave promise to the natural intention of propagating the like forms and features which so distinguished this new exalted couple—indicating less the beautiful Court Coroneted blood than the Brimful Court clarified treacle—and this had produced such strong, uninviting counterparts that only one of the daughters got married, whilst the son was killed by a young medical student cutting his windpipe, in mistake for the gullet, in an operation to extract a mackerel bone from his throat; hence most of the Bowser blood is happily now extinct. It was to a connexion of this family that the great bootmaker, on dissatisfaction being expressed with the shape of his boots, replied, "I only made the boots, your

parents made the foot." The following epigrammatic verse was found posted up in a street, now demolished, a month after the large warehouse had been pulled down:

"Here stood the home of the proud Mr. Deacle,
Who gave us short weight both in sugar and treacle;
But the trade is all done for, and so is the house, Sir,
For Deacle's no more. He is now Baron Bowser."

The education of both young and old by the shortest process is of course most desirable; but no method can compare in rapidity of enlightenment with that pursued in the case of Mr. Deacle, for, no sooner was his name changed to Baron Bowser, than credit was given him for perfect knowledge in all things past, present, and future. If it happened to be about history, Bowser says history is not all correct. If about a horse, Bowser says he needs a deal of looking over. If about the heavens, Bowser says very few comprehend all that's there. Only three subjects are quoted for example, in all of which, the chances are, Bowser was quite correct; so, if there is no royal road to learning, there is clearly a short cut to it, for nobody dared dispute the judgment of Bowser. Turn we then from this Baronial Omniscient to view another equally provable matter-of-fact problem.

Now, whether Mr. Deacle, Baron Bowser, or his more recent improved aristocratic title—and whether the same individual dwelt up in Brimful Court or down in Gorillavia—the obnoxious former, unalterable features would still remain; and all the monarchial fiats in the world, saying, "From henceforth let this be deemed True blood," though spoken and issued by the most powerful of Emperors, would never be valued at the price of pure unalloyed gold, but only at that of empirical ormolu, and would never pass among good-looking, reflecting persons of taste as the genuine metal. It would require years and years of distilling and redistilling, and, you know it.

A celebrated veterinarian wrote that, after one crossing with inferior blood, it would take two or three generations to wipe away the stain. How many generations, then, would it take to wipe away the gorilla-countenance-stain figure? About as many, perhaps, as to purify from the scrofula (say half-a-dozen); but then the greatest care must be enjoined with every crossing, for any further contamination in this line, on the side of the dam, would beget a creature with a chimpanzee cast of countenance as sure as a cow begets a calf; and thus, by occasionally deteriorating instead of

improving, the blood would eventually degenerate into its original gorilla character.

If the fourth quarter of the globe had only been discovered when the inspired portions of the Bible were compiled we should, probably, have found a history of the aborigines of those regions in that sacred volume, and perhaps some of the present chapters, termed interpolations, omitted. In default of that, as so many arrogant people refuse to listen to the doctrine that they originated from the same stock as ourselves, I presume the first pair of these American Esquimaux Indians had a Paradise and Fall of their own—they must have come to life somehow, as my preceptor taught. But the chances are they were some pre-Adamite apish form of sour crab-apple pilferers, never participators in the plucking of the genuine sweet golden pippin in the Paradise of our first gracefully-moulded parents. And if there have been any peccadilloes since committed between our pardoned and purified three quarters and their nondescript quarter, which the four-footed-like features of some individuals in our own kingdom betrays the probability; or if our progenitors were such cruel bad judges how to pair for make and shape and beauty as to have introduced so

many uninviting features into this land, which is also very probable, the deleterious effect has been the same; for the mongrel cast has now become so minutely mixed in the blood, from either one or the other or both of these causes, that their young suffering female descendants, unable to hide the hereditary injurious taints arising from these barbarous and ill-assorted crossings, have, as a punishment, been compelled to remain unblessed. Or, like those unfortunates of riper age and purer blood who, to counterfeit their former youthful cherubic countenances, are doomed to ignominious daily labour at the Vermilion Face Trade-mark, which transparent badge is at once the public announcement of virtuous uneasiness as well as the decoying disclaimer of easy virtue.

Now our pedigrees, that is, yours and mine, came down, it is written, from Japhet—the fourth quarter of the globe, as I have said, not having been discovered in those patriarchal times,—yet, without any far-fetched stretch of imagination, a cross between Japhet's progeny and those Red Indian tribes may have occurred. Perhaps one also with Esau and a similar hairy gorilla-looking female. Otherwise how are the numerous animal countenances now extant to be accounted for?

Doubtless, through lapse of time, a great alteration may undeniably be admitted to have taken place; yet, notwitstanding the fining down of some and the elevation of others to be great grandees in their way, the blood is as unmistakable as that of the Deacle family.

The Godolphin Arabian* is written as having been purchased from a water-cart in Paris. Whilst drawing the water-cart he was no doubt looked on as an ordinary horse fit for a cart (not a cart-horse) by the generality of persons. After which he became the founder of some of our English racing stock. And whilst high caste Joe was at his little country farm—superintending the breaking in of the steeds there he was perhaps looked on as an ordinary horse breaker by the generality of persons too. A heart breaker he appears to have been with the fair sex. Far seeing men however, gifted with a clear insight into both horse and human nature, brought the valuable qualities of both the horse and the man prominently into the foreground. So whether the

* Quære.—What was the height of the Godolphin Arabian? Landseer's painting of him in the Royal Academy makes him very different from some former drawings I have seen, and in which he was described as wall sided.

Godolphin Arabian came from a water-cart in Paris or from mahogany stables; or whether Joe came from a country village or a Piccadilly Mansion, the build and blood of each I presume would remain the same.

But good blood in the horse may gradually deteriorate in many ages from overwork, unwholesome food and other causes. And good-looking blood in the human species may gradually deteriorate from over eating and drinking and other causes, whilst both would be accelerated by crossing with blood of an unsuitable character. In like manner both may be improved with care added to such suitable crossings as would render the chances of the blood "nicking" well in order to obtain beauty with speed or beauty with trotting action in the horse kind: or beauty with talent and refined taste in the human kind. Some very faulty taints may possibly remain concealed and undiscernable in the immediate descendants, still should they exist in the system of either sire, grand sire, or great grand sire; or in the dam, grand dam, or great grand dam they will sooner or later be found annoyingly stealing into light; and though perchance unobservable by the crowd would be rapidly detected by such men as

symmetrical Joe or his talented cousin. To insure good and handsome build and beauty in perfection in all the members of a family both male and female, these same qualities should have existed through both sire and dam for at least three generations or there will be always danger of some little uninviting point creeping out and reappearing on the surface.

As a telling proof how very desirous mankind are to obtain the face and figure appertaining to good blood in preference to that merely of a good name and position, an amusing anecdote is here given. An acquaintance of mine with a countenance as ugly as his name was good, and his bankers account usually as high as his conversation was low, took to himself an exceedingly beautiful wife, but with name and position far inferior to his own. The sons took after the beautiful mother both in appearance and manners; the daughter more after the father. Encountering an intimate friend of my ugly acquaintance, a fellow about as ugly as himself, and consequently, as might be expected, a professed prattler about good blood and good names, he said "What a pity it is the daughter has taken after the father and not after the mother." "Pity," I repeated, "how a pity? Surely

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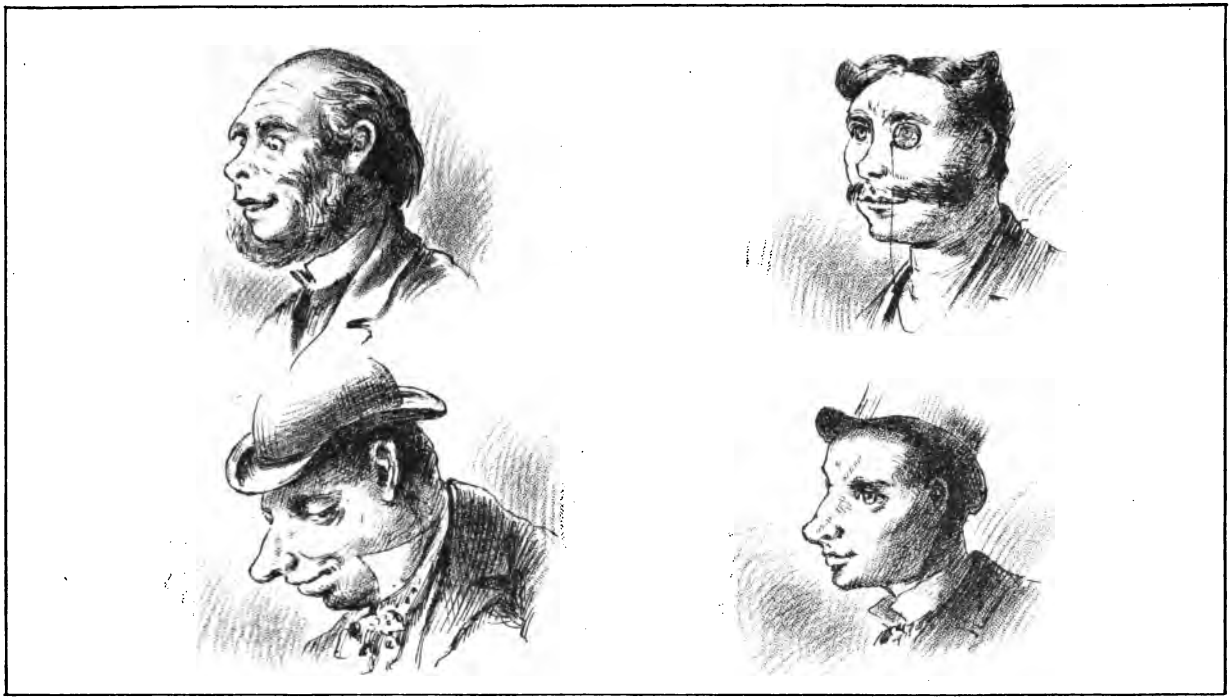

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you would not have liked the daughter to have taken after the *inferior* blood would you in preference to that of the *superior*." Here was a sharp home thrust to him, that he knew as well as any body else that true blood consisted in face and figure, but like all ill looking people was rather averse to acknowledge it.

Incredible as it may read ugliness is considered catching, and the continual residing and living amongst rough-hewn, semi-barbarous, phizes, may tend in time to render your own visage less pleasing. But the bare possibility of only a slight touch of the complaint, should keep all good-looking people on their guard against too close a companionship with, at least, any very decided frights. Imagination may produce consequences little dreamt of.

Drawings and plates descriptive of a subject are thought to be more effective in enlightening the mind than volumes of writing. If that is the case, there will not be much necessity for my greatly prolonging this explanatory conclusion. There are, however, various other castes of animal countenances besides those in my menagerie as the tiger, dog, codfish, &c., but the gorilla, cat, calf, and pig are the most common.

Of Aristocracies many castes may be enumerated:

1. The Aristocracy of Titles. Of nobility from a baron to a duke.

2. The Aristocracy of birth and long lineage, gentry who have never toiled for their money but have inherited it from generation to generation, though few except the old nobility can trace back a dozen or even half-a-dozen through sire and dam in that respect.

3. The Aristocracy of talent which Lord Cardwell stated is the true Aristocracy.

4. The Aristocracy of refinement and good taste.

5. The Aristocracy of name. Some persons are very touchy on this head; and one swell informed me there was nobody else in London of his name. I looked into the Trade Directory and found four.

6. The Aristocracy of wealth, the most coveted of all except the last, not the least, number

7. The Aristocracy of Build and Beauty. Form and feature, or True Blood.

If possessed of this last, it is *possible* by cultivation, &c., to become possessed of most of the above mentioned six, but the possession of all

the other six will never give this seventh. It is not possible to obtain that without being born over again.

By what obliquity of vision so many uncouth persons declare they are incapable of discerning true blood in the human form by their eyesight, though they profess to be able so to discern it in the horse, is unaccountable to men of more genteel mien. It can only be downright jealousy, and a wish to make you believe that any wry-faced or short-legged deformity may be of as good and enviable blood as a handsome symmetrically-formed body. If these uncouth literal louts happened to be the offspring of any celebrity, or of any fortunate or highly-sagacious individual, and to have been a long time in possession of any old house, they will pride themselves on being of "a very old family." So they are, and if they lived another half-century the children, their successors, would be of an older family still; and, to blind you to the disagreeableness of their glaring physical defects, they will descant with animation on the old patrician homes erected on such picturesque sites, adorned with such charming foliage and odoriferous flowers, so eminently characteristic of cultured persons reared-up in highly-polished

circles. This may be all very pardonable, and may serve somewhat as a set-off to counterbalance such defects, provided pure, chaste, civilized ideas have been well imbibed, and they have become thoroughly habituated to them; but one cannot always feel sure of this, for, allured by the vivid description of Balsam Beach, and honoured by an invitation, I passed forty-eight hours at this highly-lauded retreat. The host, on my arrival, met me at the door, conducted me over the north, south, east, and west faces, from which last protruded a small castellated tower, named the "Western Circuit," euphemistically abbreviated by the first two capital letters. As I was under the delusion this much extolled ancient domicile possessed all the refined requirements that ought to appertain to a gentleman's seat, I vainly imagined the tower belonged solely to my little suite of apartments. Being grievously, not to say treacherously disappointed, I lodged, by preference, the following night over the stable. Underneath were two animals belonging to the establishment, with terrible drooping quarters, thick bushy tails, long shaggy coats, and most painful hollow backs. There were two others, resembling broken-down

skeleton mules, called "the racers," and all four were libellously termed "horses."

On taking leave of this very desirable abode, in the corridor and dining-room of which were suspended portraits of their grand-sires and grand-dams, those ancestral angels, born minus olfactory nerves, with which deprivation, in addition to a little of the gorilla blood, their descendants must also have been afflicted, I expressed my acknowledgments of the gratification I had derived in having been an inmate of so delightful a house and stable, in which the aristocracy of refinement and good taste were so conspicuously displayed.

With my natural aversion, however, to pass any night away from my own humble cottage, my mind now cordially recognized the comforting words in our own bonny ballad, "There's no place like home." Balsam Beach might vie in verdantique decoration, and stand no mean comparison, in rich ambrosial fragrance, with the inner apartments we are, in our present uncivilized state, compelled to inspect at various foreign seaside places of reception; but "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

It is remarkable that when you alight on persons guilty of erecting or taking lease of a habitation insufficiently supplied with lavatories and con-

veniencies, &c., &c.—the certain sign of coarse-caste creatures—they should turn out to be the very same class of persons who keep their stables crammed with so many cruelly knocked-up screws, and who so frequently exhibit the same lack of good taste in their ill-chosen common-cut costume. My own eye has more than once suffered from having it planted on the former, whilst an acquaintance, who entered a *salon* crowded with company, apparently well contented with their ill-fitting coats, became so irritated at rubbing against such secondhand-looking slop-shop manufacture, that he was confined the following morning with an inflammatory attack of the spleen. All the coin this *outré* sort of people may possess fails to blind one to the pitiable fact that their brains are blunted to all better ideas than those they were imbued with when born.

The fair sex also, instead of implicitly confiding in the taste of their "work by piece" dress cutters, might sometimes advantageously devote an extra half-hour both to their habiliments and their horses, if they desire to shine at routs and rides, and not be cajoled into the belief that a cast-off French *cheval* is the crack style of courser to canter on; or that the covering a baggy body with

braid will remedy the wrinkles, for that may make them only more *voyant*. Let them be reminded of the commendable couplet,—

"'Tis not the cloth howe'er much laced,
But 'tis the cut that shows the taste."

"*Revenons a nos moutons.*" I have heard it contended that it is necessary to keep all horses running on, even after they may have gained a chief prize in order to discover those few which will stand the work the longest without detriment to their legs or feet. I say if that is the case, only breed from those few which you have found will stand it, not from those which you have found will not stand it, but then you are not likely to find more than one in every hundred—one out of every thousand might perhaps be nearer the mark to breed from, I can tell you. The whole argument is wrong and rotten, as far as breeding for any useful purpose is concerned, if not for racing itself. Any good Veterinarian would inform you in five minutes whether a horse was of that true and handsome blood, and possessed of that mechanical build and proper style of action, which fitted him for the stud, though his speed had never been tried in racing. After all there is no such great difficulty in detecting the good, bad, and indifferent points

of either horse or man, by a few minutes strict observance, if a little study had been given to the subject, and a little good taste brought to bear on the task. Whether a horse can gallop, or scramble through—for that is the action of many from having had their heads brought under their chests —fast enough to win that is another affair. Nobody, as I heard the late Professor Spooner say, can tell whether there exists the proper quantity of steam inside to enable him to do that, at the moment required. And yet this same Professor picked out Blair Athol as the most probable winner of any great race long *before* he started. He did not find out all his superb points afterwards, as so many of my acquaintances did. It is so easy to be a "prophet of the past." Blair Athol's blazed face and white hind heel however, detract a trifle from his otherwise pleasing appearance. Except for that, he is just the cut of animal I would have chosen as a sire, to cross with some good looking American blood trotter, for obtaining handsome, thorough-bred trotters, that is, after he had been first taught to trot well himself. True blood as explained, consists in beauty and symmetry; and the celebrated Bay Middleton was not thorough-bred, at least his name was not seen in the Stud Peerage, until

after his speed had been proved; and while he may be thorough-bred for speed, neither he nor many of his progeny, fine stock as some are, are thorough-bred for beauty. But many of Blair Athol's progeny have disappointed the expectations of their purchasers, possibly through some of the dams not having been suitably selected, and therefore the blood has not always nicked well for running nor for beauty either—and the crossing the fastest horse with the fastest mare has not proved so certain in insuring the most successful speed. The theory was very naturally deemed good, but the suitability of the sire to the dam has evidently in many other respects, to be taken into consideration as well. And it must not be supposed that the discovery of this suitability, however difficult it may be, when sought after for obtaining speed alone is all mere guess work; nor is it certainly all mere guess work with regard to obtaining beauty in either of the subjects now being treated of. Insufficient regard to colours and white patches in crossing, often seriously injures the appearance of the foal, and materially depreciates the value, barring for the race course, for which purpose any wall-eyed, skew-balled, bullock-blazed figure head, or confounded three white legged

circus cut of creature, might be equally useful. This last description of brute is on the increase, annoying to one's eye sight, and destructive of all pleasure in riding, that is, to persons who pride themselves on having taste.

The annexed quotation will serve to show how all the good and handsome blood may descend to one member of a family and not to another. "Conqueror and Othello were two full brothers, yet one was a king and the other a beggar, with respect both to form and action. If then the difference of these brothers did not depend on their different formation of parts, &c., pray tell me on what it did depend, for the cause of it could not be in the blood, unless you will say this innate quality may appertain to one brother and not to another, and then I apprehend, the bystanders will say you have proved nothing."

Some few years ago there was a great parliamentary debate on our horses, their numbers, size, descent, exportation, &c. when it was most correctly pointed out by one honourable member, that though the number may have increased, not so the quality. And what we grumble at is that the prices have increased to more than double for this deteriorated class, all in consequence of their

thorough-bred sires having propagated so many of those defects which are now so blended in the blood, that though not always strikingly prominent in the immediate offspring, may yet take two to three generations to thoroughly eradicate. In the early part of this debate, the rapid rise in height of our thorough-breds in upwards of a hundred years was mentioned, as also the great names of Marsk and Eclipse. But what was the height of Eclipse, and did he in appearance resemble an Arab, or more that of the present English racer? The then Professor of the Royal Veterinary College, Mr. St. Bel, who took his proportions, does not give it in Youatt, though I have seen it stated at 15hds. 2in., 15hds. 3in., and upwards. From this stock, then, the height does not appear to have much increased. With regard to his appearance there was a portrait of him at Tattersall's in Paris about thirty years ago—a magnificent light chestnut Arab, but I have seen drawings totally different from this and resembling more some of the present English racers. So, until both these points are decided, we should not be too positive about either, any more than about our own high caste primeval ancestors. In another cutting from a newspaper I read "The English horse has now

arrived at a state of perfection, &c." In what way I would ask. Have the generality of our thorough bred stock as handsome looking Arab heads, as they had a hundred and twenty years ago? Do the generality carry as graceful tails as they did in those days? Do the generality show as beautifully formed clean limbs and good feet as in those days? If they have neither the heads, nor the tails, nor the legs, nor the feet, wherein consists the improvement? Is it in the height? If Eclipse was 15hds. 3in. but that question is not settled. Is it in the speed? If Eclipse ran the mile under a minute and a quarter, and Fire Tail in less time, which it is stated he did, can the English or French horses of the present day exceed that? * Eclipse was

* An accidental acquaintance who from his rather peremptory style of putting a question, might be supposed to possess more than ordinary information on this subject said to me "Do *you* really believe that unprecedented asserted speed was ever attained?" As my interrogator was an Oxford guardian, though at the same time quite *au fait* at the odds, I answered, "you might as well ask me if I really believed on the day Eclipse ran his best, it was as cloudy as the day on which the sun stood still. How can I believe or disbelieve what is written as having occurred, a hundred and fourteen, and again upwards of thirty-four hundred years ago, when I find such diversity of opinion existing? Spider hand watches a hundred and fourteen years ago, might have

stated to have had one bad foot, and I heard one person say "There, a bad foot is you see of no consequence." Experience however, made even this person wiser, for I heard him afterwards aver, "I have found out a horse is of little value without good legs and good feet." Wonderful discovery! If all readers would candidly admit the force of that fact; and if all judges for the selection of prizes were compelled to begin their examination with the feet and legs, it would greatly simplify

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only gone at the rate of seventy-five seconds to the minute: how they went in Joshua's time it is beyond human ken even to conjecture. Observing my acquaintance falling into a very pensive mood, I helped him out of his momentary mournful state by continuing, "believe me both subjects are so shrouded in profound mystery, that not all the laboriously acquired turf talents, without the most disinterested geometrical aid for the former: nor all the transcendental expounders of biblical lore, without the most disinterested astronomical aid, for the latter, in addition to the most exact chronometrical aid of those identical epochs for both, will ever succeed in unravelling these two hitherto unfathomable mystic secrets.

It seems as difficult to obtain an undisputed opinion as to the correct forms of the original Eastern sires of our thorough bred horse progenitors, as it is to obtain an undisputed opinion of the correct forms of our own original human antediluvian progenitors. But a free use and honest patronizing of the ointment, page 73, will insure a clear and correct opinion of both as they exist at present.

matters, and often save them the trouble of any further scrutiny.

The George the Third statue I have chosen as the most perfect form of horse for all the four combinations of Charger, Hunter, Park-horse, and Racer. There is an outline in the Appendix of a perfect foot, the horn of which should be black and strong, the angle from the coronet to the toe never greater than 45°, the inside half a trifle smaller than the outside half, and the hinder part of the quarters of both halves the broadest part of the foot. In "The Aide-de-Camp," written forty years ago,* it is recommended, "On Shoeing," to pare the sole till it springs to the strong pressure of the farrier's thumb. As an English farrier's Herculean thumb is often as powerful as a pair of iron pincers, a good thick substance of horn would be left, even then; an Indian native nolbund's

* The treatment of diseases in the horse having greatly altered and improved during the last forty years, and bleeding abolished, the "Aide-de-Camp" is quite out of date for that purpose. A professional gentleman, I have been given to understand, took up the old "Aide de-Camp" in India some years ago, adding to it and improving it. I have never seen a copy of this new edition, possibly because I was reported buried. This is a misfortune, as I might have gained some useful hints to remark on now.

pressure, of course, cannot compare with that, but we are advised now-a-days, particularly by Mr. Fleming, a very experienced veterinarian, not to pare the sole or rasp the crust at all, while others recommend the Charlier shoe.

The object of the Parliamentary debate was the general improvement of all classes of horses, and the object of all shoeing is to protect the foot, but at the same time to keep it to the proper form. That shoeing and that treatment, then, must be the best which accomplishes this object. I have tried them all, and with the moisture added have succeeded with all. With the first I had ample experience, and I never yet had a horse with open heels that I did not manage to keep them so, nor one with contracted heels that I did not manage in six months to widen; so if the practice was inferior to that now recommended by Mr. Fleming, the result, as far as the heels were concerned, at least turned out beneficial. That coachmen and grooms have so signally failed is not surprising, because there is scarcely one in a dozen who knows where the heels are; they think the bars are the heels. Hence they are sideways mercilessly slashed away, and both parties are content; but the cutting of the bars, sideways,

has a tendency to close the heels. This class of vassals, who strive hard to command instead of obey, and who, with soft or uninstructed masters, too often succeed in gaining the upper hand, appear to have some crazy creed peculiar to themselves with regard to that part—the basal structure of a horse. They never look inside dead hoofs to discover the difference between healthy and distorted forms, lest they should gain knowledge and lose faith in the belief they were first taught when apprenticed to the Hot Straw Stables; yet they advertise they understand the care of horses—"*bar* the feet" should be added.

Mr. Fleming's system comes nearest to that of the "no-shoe system," and the question has again arisen whether shoeing might not be altogether dispensed with. If the sire and dam were possessed of well-formed feet, of strong black horn, as straight from the coronet to the toe as the angle of 45° with wide open heels, and the foal had inherited the same, then I believe, with such feet, it would answer for the Turf, and for Hunting, and for Macadamized roads also provided that in wet weather the sole, toe, and quarters were tarred. With weak feet, black or white, or any feet that had been shod the chances,

even for these last unless with very gradual inurement, would be against it answering. And as ninety feet out of every hundred are more or less faulty in some respect the generality of people must for the present put up with shoes, but then surely all horsemen might learn where the heels are and with moisture keep them open.

To those readers who may be far away from any body to consult, I venture another suggestion. If the farrier should belong to the Charlier Shoe School put on a three quarter Charlier Shoe without lowering the heels (three quarter shoes of the ordinary pattern are apt to get imbedded in the foot.) If the farrier should be of the ordinary school induce him to make the fore shoes as near as possible the shape of a proper formed sole, that is almost an arch, having the toe much the same shape as the hind shoe. If the foot should be of the proper form this with moisture will keep it so; and if the foot should only recently have deviated from the proper form, this shape with moisture will greatly facilitate its growing back to something resembling its natural arch like sole: the toe of course may be slightly rounded off as much as the hind are squared: but recollect no power on earth can

bring back the wings of the coffin bone to their natural beautiful width after they have once been narrowed. The heels can be opened by four months night and day incessant moisture without shoes in a wet field; or by the feet being kept in poultices in a loose box for that time, but the normal width of the wings will never return to assist in keeping them open afterwards. The moral then, is, to prevent them from ever contracting.

Now look at all the hundreds of shoes in farriers forges both abroad and at home: there they are, a large round in front and narrower towards the hinder part of the quarters; they are determined to bring your horses feet to the shape of these shoes, whether the foot is of the proper form or not instead of making the shoe as near the form of a perfect shaped foot as could be nailed on without pricking. If merely a Tip is desired have it made of this form, the form of a proper shaped sole, the hind part of the Tip, of course, shelving off very thin, without lowering the heels to bring too much bearing on the frog, unless the heels should be very contracted. Try this, I say, and when you come within hail of a passed Professional (not an impostor who undiploma'd puts M.R.C.V.S., member of the rough country vicious

system over his door) show him the result of this method and ask how to go on; but without a strong silver key to open the farrier's ideas, you are not likely to induce him to alter his own shape for any of your "new fangled ones."

Some few years ago, a sportsman, in a public journal, maintained that the proper build for running was a drooping quarter. For heavens sake, then keep such quarters solely for running. In "The Aide-de-Camp" it is written "The straighter and longer the spine is from the end of the loins to the setting on of the tail, so much better is the quarter for the straightness of the spine, here causing a slanting direction in the haunch and thigh bones, enables the muscles to act to the greater advantage, and it is in the advantageous direction quite as much as in the bulk of the muscle, that the propelling power lies." And *all other points equal*, I will back this build both for beauty and speed, against any drooping quarter ever seen. Dogs of the greyhound species may often bear some resemblance to this drooping shape, and have hugged tails into the bargain; but it does not follow that the mechanical structure for handsome appearance and speed in a horse should resemble that of a dog, any more than that the mechanical

structure for handsome appearance and sense in a man, should resemble that of a donkey.

Regarding exportation those possessed of money will purchase and export or not as may suit their views. That may be all proper free trade, but during my decease it was bruited about, that a batch of long priced "Improvers" had been transported to Proof Bay for the benefit of the stud in that vicinity. Sinister rumours having accompanied their arrival, a select committee of the most crack connoisseurs of the land was requested to inspect, investigate, and report on their heads, bodies, and extremities, for such samples of blood and build had never before dared to put themselves alongside eastern sires. The committee after much deliberation deemed the shipping of such creatures most reprehensible: they thought they must have been swapped on the voyage, and as it would be most unjust to attempt to make the Stud Manager responsible for the produce of these probable changelings they advised their sale by auction. A despatch, however, was first transmitted to the mother authorities, who highly incensed at the disapproval expressed at such heavily paid for animals held council and replied, "That judges of different countries sometimes

differed. That those embarked were selected by the Honourable Major Jolly Boat, and Sir Cistern Cider. That the price paid was enormous. That they must be of the value paid, for the value of a thing was what it would bring* and that as this adage was so universally allowed to be correct there could be no mistake in the matter, for these brought to the sellers (that is to those who sold them) a fair profit, as well as satisfaction to the buyers (that is to those who picked them out)." Proof Bay much offended at this rebuke re-assembled the eastern connoisseurs, who declared that they positively declined to impose the cost of such downright audacious skalliwags† on the colonists. They found it convenient however to agree to the adage so pointedly marked, "That the value of a thing was what it would bring," and

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* "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," p. 52.—"Recollect a horse's price is not according to the vulgar error, 'what he'll fetch,' for many a ruined horse with a good name, often fetches more than his original worth when fresh; and *vice versa*; but the real intrinsic value of a horse consists in what you would have on a fair average to pay for such another, as good and unblemished in every respect, in the country in which you may be."

† American slang name for a disreputable looking quadruped.

consequently they had ordered their sale by auction in the very natural conviction, that the mother authorities could not outwardly object, and would inwardly feel content with this proceeding, for what was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander, and they would thus have their full value, namely, what they would bring, returned to them. They realized about one fifth of the long price paid excepting two which found no bidders: these being thin and of bad constitutions they recommended being shot, and the skins sent back to accompany the amount of the auction money with a view to their being stuffed and exhibited, as a warning to shame all home fed judges from advising in future, the purchase of such unsaleable brutes for our Eastern Colonies.

Being underground in these years, without access to printed papers, and naught save auricular converse to assist me, all the details of this narrative may, perhaps, not be punctiliously precise; nevertheless, it may serve to alter the erroneous course so unwittingly pursued ever since the foundation of the now abolished studs, if they should ever be formed again.

Very superior Arabs existed in sufficient quantity round about the provinces of Proof Bay, far

better adapted for sires, and far cheaper than the present English thorough-breds; but many of the wealthy inhabitants, following the example of their prototypes in this country, have been overworking, bunging, and otherwise injuring their beautiful limbs in order similarly to find out those few that really would stand it. The degraded ones that would not were occasionally strongly recommended as equally well adapted for the studs in the different departments; and broken-down Arabs, that would not bring five hundred rupees at a sale, I have known palmed off on the authorities for three thousand rupees. The remedy for all this was to cease transporting English sires of any description whatever, and to have sent out mares of the proper stamp, three parts to thorough-bred, with good action, that had never been trained for the Turf, and did not exceed 15½ hds. in height,* to have been crossed with good-shaped Arab sires, both, as a *sine qua non*,

* "The Griffin's Aide-de-Camp," p. 69—"Professor Coleman stated in his lectures that trying to increase the size of the Indian horses, by crossing with the large English stallions, was ruination to the breed, and that no well-proportioned foals could be expected." How very true this turned out, and full ten per cent. were found to be vicious into the bargain!

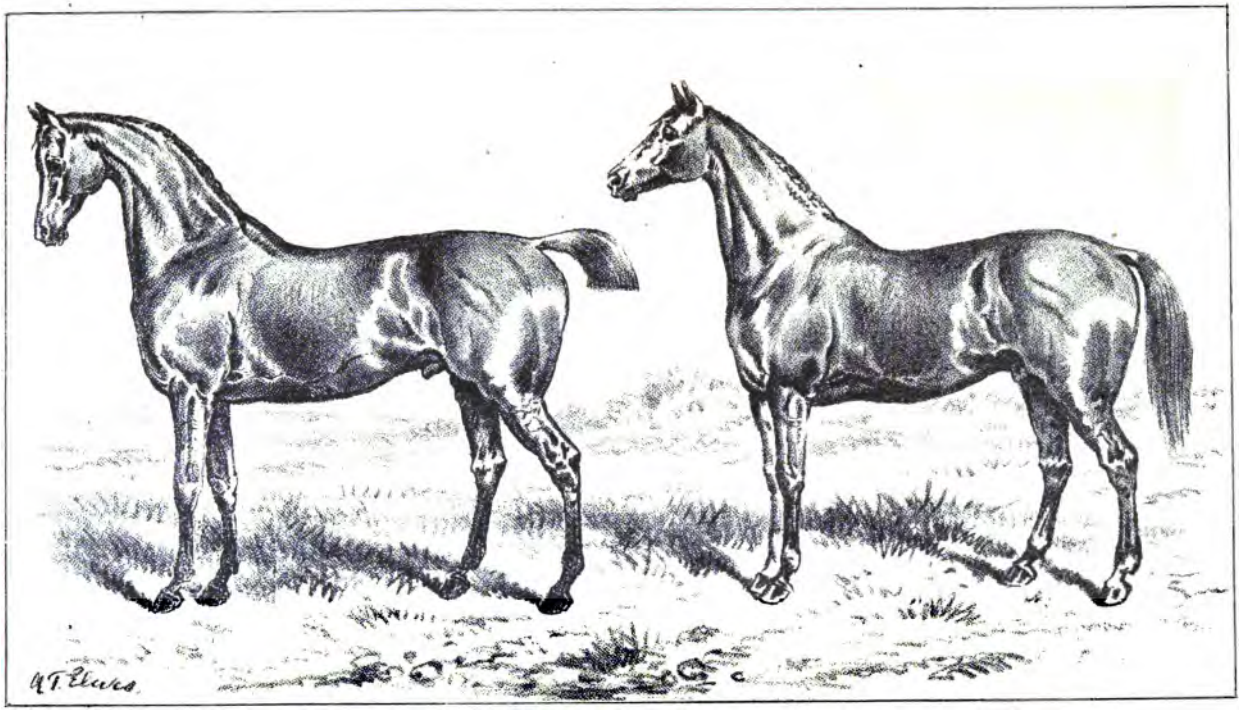
to have been perfect and unblemished below the knee. This (and I stated it forty years ago) would have been far preferable to surrendering up the studs. Why not have boldly shewn fight against all present paramount personages and popular prejudices, and intrusted our duly-installed pilot, General Bornwell, with a roving superintending commission, not only over the United Kingdom, but over Europe, as well as over all our silvery Eastern regions? Had *carte blanche* been given him to root out and dispose of all animals not fitted for cavalry or artillery purposes that might have existed in the studs, and to have substituted others of more correct build—handsomely topped, well-ribbed home, and strong black pedestals,—and to have placed a head manager at each who was known to have the interest of the Government at heart and his own character at stake in these mismanaged Haras, a breed both useful and handsome, might have been most economically produced. The reverse of this had been tried, and tried *ad nauseam*, with heavy cost to the tax-payers. The penalty, regrettable to say, has, I hear, been total demolition.

I read also that "the New South Walers are beating the Arabs out of the field;" but the few

good Arab sires there may have been in the studs had no satisfactory competition against these, or against any. The Gulph horses, bred up the Gulph, have been tried in the east and south of India for years, and found a success, both in standing the climate and in roughing it—picketed out in the open air, throughout the hot, cold, and rainy seasons; and they stood the first perishing Cabul campaign in 1838 so well, that they called forth a compliment from the Bombay government to the officer who had selected them, whilst the 16th Lancers, mounted chiefly on descendants of the English blood stud horses, and country mares, suffered severely in comparison. These English blood had the height it is true, almost indispensable for English dragoons, and this is what the Gulph horses have not; but when studs were kept up why not have obtained the height in the true way, through the Arab sire and the proper stamped English mare. Look at the round barrel and particularly at the light elastic move of the Arab blood, which latter is not possessed in so great a degree by the best English thorough-breds. A troop of cavalry mounted on the Arabian breed would from this very elasticity ride a forty mile march with less

fatigue than they would thirty miles on any other breed. Take a troop of English cavalry fresh from their comfortable barracks, and no doubt they would ride down any troop in the world, but put the same troop to rough work with occasional short commons, and picketed outside, not for a month but perhaps a year throughout the three seasons with a second year in prospective, and let these be accompanied by a troop of ordinary decent Arabian bred; then at the end of that time see which looks the best fitted to carry on the campaigning.

The present home Horse Artillery horses may be also said to have knocked the fifty years ago description out of the field because the latter, owing to the *improvement* of our blood stock cannot now be bred; but who that remembers those splendidly adapted and much admired animals,—the pride of the army,—would prefer the comparatively deteriorated class of the present day. The former were pleasanter to ride, pleasanter to look at and a greater pleasure to take care of, therefore more useful and economical to the government. They who confine their argument to, and harp solely on, the word use, I beg to say, that a uniform would, in one sense, be quite



P. 138

1843. ARTILLERY HORSES. 1883.

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as useful with half-a-dozen patches of a different cloth in it, so would an ugly or bridgeless nose wife if you could stomach it.

New South Walers bred in New South Wales may be wanted at the present moment in default of studs for artillery and cavalry purposes: and a few well chosen Australian mares whose cut can somewhat stand the test of the catechism, mixed with a few similar from this country might be useful in any future studs, so would a few large Gulph mares of 15 hds. if they could be obtained, but hold fast to the Arab sire. This superior breed once set a going would not be one whit more expensive, indeed not so expensive in the long run, as breeding from inferior built stock, and where the blood has not been found to "nick" well, for the sires and dams would produce and reproduce the good and useful looks and qualifications they themselves possessed, whilst the height by judicious crossing might be gradually increased. But if an English or Australian drooping quartered draggle tail dam is to be mated out with my catechismal Arab sire in order to prove the inferiority of the Arab to the English sire, then adieu to all beauty, use, and economy together: it would only require

a few of the flat turf daisy cutters to settle the hash in the first generation.

Be a little sceptic then of advisers of the cute, Captain Eitherside breed, who when anxious to get rid of a creature with a tail set on half-way down his thighs would declare that "was of no consequence, for *if* the well-formed fore parts only went, the badly formed hind parts must follow," and by the same rule when anxious to get rid of a bull neck, cart chested heavy fore-hand would declare that "if the straight crouped well-formed hind parts only went, the badly formed fore parts must get out of the way." Fortunately he never omitted the little if, but with it no barrister with his brief could surpass him in rapid horsey verbosity when alongside an intended purchaser he was about to victimize and who hesitated to conclude, especially when that purchaser was thought to be selecting for the studs, for he never allowed any body time to consider that the weakest link in the chain was the strength of the chain. This gallant Captain on being asked if he did not know that the hind parts must be equally good with the fore parts, and the fore parts equally good with the hind parts for a horse to be valuable and to have harmony of

proportion answered, "Few understand harmony and they must pay hard money in consequence."

The speed of the English race horse of the present day, though unequal to that of Eclipse, is far superior to that of the Arab. It should be remembered, however, that the average height of the best Arabs is under 14 hds. 3 in., whilst that of the English horse is upwards of 15 hds. 3 in., a good hand difference. And pick out twenty English horses and pit them against twenty Arabs, the English might successfully compete in daily journeys also, especially if both at the end of each day's work had comfortable stables to enter, with food, &c. all ready to partake of. Not with so much certainty, however, if both had to rest outside with short rations, for the English horse, like the English man, thrives badly when deprived of his grub. In 1835 I was introduced to a 17 hds. Elephantine English chestnut mare that had been driven from London to Brighton, and back again in one day, in seventeen hours, resting three out of the seventeen at Brighton. She did not appear greatly fatigued. And in a leading article in "The Times" of 1869, I read, "Horses in the East last longer and perform feats of endurance which are never approached in this country, because their

habits are better studied and understood. The owner of a well bred Arab would mount and ride him a hundred miles at a stretch without the least hesitation." English horses, I imagine, are rare which would perform this Brighton feat without being half dead from the effects of it, and if attempted in India in the hot weather, would very probably be quite so. But supposing both these to be the exceptions of the present day, still the docile disposition of the Arab, the unharassed way in which he stands the Eastern roughing, his lesser liability to sickness and his agreeable elastic unfatiguing movements point him out indubitably as the most fitted for a sire for all Eastern purposes.

To prevent casual readers, and those who may not have studied horse and human nature combined, from being confused by all the foregoing disquisitionary compositions, let me recommend them to be guided by the example of Wallace Wits, and steer by the natural instincts of their own brains, and the clear sight of their own eyes as he, in the main so unerringly did, defore courting the counsel of others, thus first insuring for themselves an unprejudiced opinion, as well as most probably a correct one. It is so difficult to disabuse the mind

of errors, after they have been once taken up, and they are never likely to be openly acknowledged, particularly not, if there should be any latent personal or pecuniary interest in retaining them.

As a preventive also to vainly seeking after Wallace Wits' private history, private belief, &c., and canvassing for his credentials relating thereto, a wind up shall now be made in an incident in the life of his youthful son, who bore the same patronymic as that of his faithful parent, and which incident was so characteristic of the contemplative disposition of both father and son. Exactitude in dates must not be looked for in this transpositional story, any more than in some creeds, but which it will suit to place in about the second quarter of the present century; and they who read without thinking, or think without reading, who would never be guilty of cruelty to horses of a Sunday, but would positively assert it was of advantage on a Monday, ought in all conscience at least to allow Wallace Wits to have an educational opinion as well as themselves. Attend, then, to the confiding disclosures now about to be made, and con over them for your own consolation.

Wallace Wits, though rather of an irritable temper, was marvellously endowed with solid

common sense. He had a kind heart but a terrible antipathy to all ill mannered people, and from the age of eight up to fourteen he literally instructed himself. At even that early period his quickness at repartee came to light, for on the rector of the parish asking him what were his principles, he replied, "my principles are no doubt like those of my future master, namely, my interest." "You are an extraordinary lad," said the rector. Wallace bowed replying "much obliged for the compliment, should be very sorry to be considered an ordinary one." He was now, on the astute recommendation of this rector, placed with Dr. Ghastly at the Golden Fleece Seminary in the county of Bunkummania, where Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, constituted the principal—almost the only studies, not one of which could Wallace endure. His whole leisure for upwards of five years was occupied in applying himself to the alphabets of French, German, and Italian, and in thinking, which last employment, so very rare in this dogmatically religious county, consisted with Wallace in constant reflection on his three H's, namely: horse, human, and heavenly natures. The principal of the Golden Fleece not being able to see through a millstone, nor through Wallace's aptitudes for particular

studies, and aversion to others, stupidly imagined it was all laziness. He was most deservedly and unexpectedly undeceived at the public examination, which took place under the guidance of Dr. Ghastly in person, and presided over by the big Bishop Bunkum, when the pupils of the first form acquitted themselves with credit as far as Latin and Greek were concerned (it will be advisable to say nothing about Hebrew, as there happened to be an honest Jew present) but Wallace who candidly acknowledged his inability to cope with his fellow students in any erudite classical questions, quietly retired to the rear seating himself beside the unobtrusive Sabat Shibboleth. As a parting bon bon to this first form, in order to exhibit their general acquirements, the principal here asked, "Who wrote the Letters of Junius?" Though these elder scholars had all been plodding over these Letters for weeks, a dead silence prevailed, and as no one essayed a reply, Wallace, mounting on the back bench, startled the whole conclave by crying out "Tom Payne." Universal amazement was visible all around when the bewildered principal, quite oblivious "that thought had finally emancipated itself from the control which in earlier times had threatened to stifle it," desired Wallace

to step forward, which command Wallace promptly obeyed, and he underwent a catechizing which the principal, for his own sake, had better never have attempted, as it infringed on the outskirts of the last of Wallace's three H's.

Principal. Who was Tom Payne?"

Wallace. "The Author of The Letters of Junius."

This second assertion rather unbalanced his master, who, to give the required information, exclaimed, "Why it was Sir Philip Francis. What authority have you for uttering the name of Tom Payne?"

Wallace. "Having diligently read the Letters of Junius, and as diligently perused the three volumes of Tom Payne, which none of your other great pedantic scholars have, I award the palm to the latter. If everybody interested in the discovery of the author would imitate my example, the majority, if they did not arrive at the same conclusion, would at all events be somewhat wiser. Instead of which, one notable sends forth the name of Sir Philip Francis, and the unthinking copyists, like the Chinese ducks, all follow suit without ever enquiring into the rightful claims of either."

Here the principal's countenance indicated ominous displeasure, as he emphatically pronounced Tom Payne a heretic, an atheist.

Wallace intervening, "Please omit the little adjective before the last opprobrious epithet, and say a theist instead of atheist, and then I fully agree."

This word atheist is too frequently employed by clerical preceptors when they come to a halt in confuting the arguments of deists. Never use harsher expressions than the occasion necessitates.

Principal. "Pray what distinction do you make between a heretic and an atheist?"

Wallace. "They are as dissimilar as an allegorical apple and a mutilated hagiographa."

Wallace spoke thus, by way of an intended innuendo to convince his preceptor that he had dived into the very depths of his creed.

The principal imagining, and correctly imagining, there was some occult meaning underlaying these enigmatical expressions, asked in a rather violent voice, "Who, sir, would you then term a heretic?"

Wallace. "That man, sir, who presumed to differ from me."

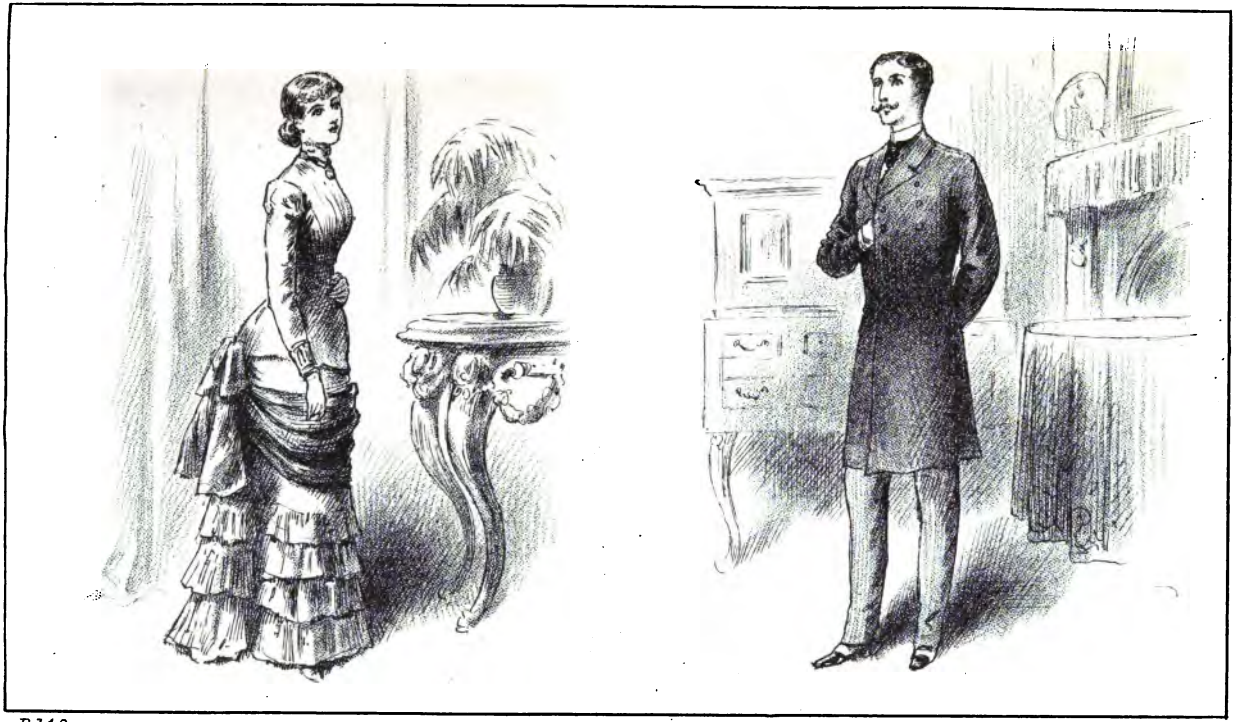
This forward flourish though most appropriately adapted to all persons compulsorily brought up, or

blindly entrapped into any particular sect, forced on a fatal finish, for poor Wallace had to suffer expulsion, not so much, as you see, because the principal had puzzled and confounded him, as because he had perplexed and dumfounded the principal: thus Wallace had to suffer for enlightening those who were totally imcompetent to enlighten him. Wallace, however, had influential friends who came most determinedly to his aid, and in less than six months he glorified in the news that this renowned theological ground had been undermined by the above controversial charlatanry, and compelled by force of circumstances connected therewith, to substitute another gorgeous *double entendre* appellation for that by which it had been immemorially signalized, The Golden Fleece Seminary was razed, and The Golden Calf College erected on its site.

Lord Lytton, in the Introductory Chapter to the Parisians—

"But truth undisguised, never welcome in any civilized community above ground, is exposed at this time to especial dangers in Paris; and my life would not be worth an hour's purchase, if I exhibited her *in puris naturalibus* to the eyes of a people wholly unfamiliarized to a spectacle so indecorous."

When such is the dictum of so far seeing a



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WALLACE'S SELECTED.

SELECTED WALLACE.

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genius, what will be the fate of The Punisher in Veracity England, especially in the precincts of Morality London. It is easy to foretell there will rapidly arise a troop of the best riders in the world mounted, I guess, upon the most renowned thorough-bred rips in the world, enlisted, to crush and silently inter him under self sacrificing sod. But what is an uneducated man to do, who cannot write fiction, and whose conscience commands him to write fact? The only alternative is to,

Speak the truth and shame the Devil,
Run the risk and hit the raw,
Dissemblers halt, don't try to revel,
Burying facts, to you so sore.

Should you with my thoughts disagree,
And prejudice have overcome ye;
Let's try a bet 'twixt you and me,
A sovereign, come, down with the money.

But if you'll chant and prove me wrong,
So prove yourself to be the sager,
I'll then recant, or quell your song
By offering you a double wager.

It will surely be time enough to smother this little brochure and bury its author, when all the precepts contained in it have been fairly tested and failed. Any over anxiety or revengeful resolution to bring

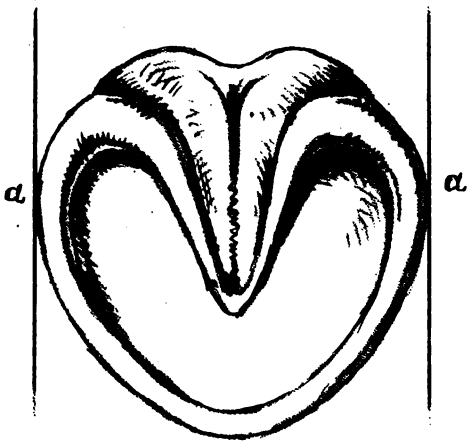
on so destructive a course sooner may only recoil on the great potentates themselves, as proving how admirably the cap has been adjusted to fit.

THE END.

Full five hundred copies I have given away;
You are richer than me and must purchase the rest,
Do not fail to seek truth, for here lies your mainstay,
So trust not any friends to choose for you what's best.

Enroll some stout writers as aids in the warring
Against all empirical blood, horse and human,
Be judge for yourself, don't allow the high soaring
Aloft over both you and me, brother yeoman.

Join hands then with firmness, join beauty with figure,
To save our blood, people, and steeds from disaster;
Steer clear of the blemished, the less and the bigger,
'Tis thus you'll gain True Blood. Now throttle the master.



a a. The broadest part of the sole in a well-shaped foot.

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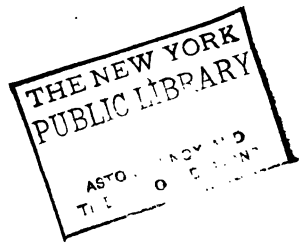
Now inspect the hinder part of the quarters of the fore feet in all the horses in the Hot Straw Stables, and you will find the resemblance they bear to this shape is about as similar as some of my menagerie countenances bear to those of handsome human beings.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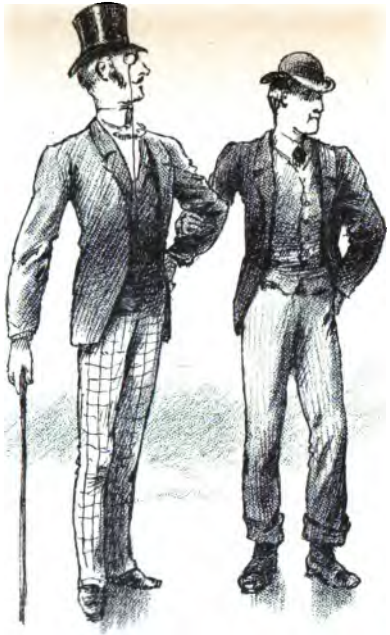

End.

Look at *them low* Irish!

"They who live in glass houses should never throw stones"
This should ne'er be forgotten in pretentious homes.
That taste for bad epithets, ofttimes inherited,
The mirror might prove they themselves the most merited.
Renounce every pastime with cruelty fraught,
And instruction at schools that are frightened at thought.
Teach yourself to be honest, for that's the true leaven—
The thorough-bred course to lead all minds to heaven.

Faith! and I've no faith in the breed.

Sound deep your belief, you'll find faith and to spare
For a good open argument—that's the true fare.
Eat not then in the dark—lard is oft mixed with honey—
'T is the priest to strain that, if he won't, keep your money.
Disentangle your brain like a skillful magician;
You're an adept in ethics, be so in religion:
But, to save your own mind being left in the lurch,
The Paddy fields quit, and treat thought as your Church.

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APPENDIX.

The chief contents of this Appendix being only for those of riper years, and who may have given a little thought to the last of Wallace's H's. has not been inserted in the body of the work.

Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," page 566. "We cannot, however be too often reminded that the really great men, and those who are the sole permanent benefactors of their species are not the great experimenters, nor the great observers, nor the great readers, but the great thinkers. Thought is the creator and vivifier of all human thoughts."

Many who stigmatize their acquaintances as free-thinkers,—and numerous are these free-thinkers in every street, only waiting a turn in the fashion to openly change,—are so firmly convinced of the truth of the whole of the creed they themselves profess that they have never been at the trouble of either reading it or the opposite side. They carelessly prefer their neighbours to think for them. How rejoiced such must be to hear that an eminent ecclesiastic has laid it down that "the faith which asks for argument and evidence to justify it is not real faith at all." When this eminent ecclesiastic therefore had his own faith first set before him, he must have swallowed it down at once, to use our great poets expression, "all raw," and perhaps without even mastication. Wallace's taste was too refined to nourish either his thoughts or his body in this vulgar, hasty manner, for common sense dictated to him that without due necessary preparation neither could be properly digested; however as he desired to live in peace with all men he took up with the richest and most fashionable creed then in vogue as the best means of doing so. And he would have promised to pay for it without scrutiny provided the Bishop would also have promised to take and pay for his horse (that was, for Wallace's hobby) on the same terms,

in the same simple way. Query? What creed did our great poet profess? He thought freely enough, and though by some, whose thoughts were crippled, thought scarcely worthy to be laid in consecrated ground is now after nearly sixty years thought worthy to have a colossal statue in Westminster Abbey, but *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

A Right Honourable Parliamentary Orator once made a remark to the effect that "belief in holy ground was much the same as belief in holy water." People of the East believe in the latter, people of the West in the former. As for myself I often wonder what becomes of all those who meet a watery grave, as well as of all those free-thinkers, heretics, &c., who happen not to be within that merciful 18th article of our established Church creed, for that certainly appears to confine heaven to a very select few.

Years ago when conversing with a native of the East on the gross follies contained in his Oriental creed he replied "You must take it down as a whole without searching into those intricate points which only our great Brahmins understand. God can do anything." "Grant it," I said "but the question is not what God *can* do but what He did do; and it would be more to the point if the answer was confined to this latter. God can put a whale into a butter boat. God can give all people common sense. God can prevent cruelty to dumb animals, but we have no reliable proof that He has performed any one of these last three acts yet."

Devout Church goers I find are quite ready to hear the creeds professed by other nations satirized but cannot tolerate the slightest allusion to any parts—incomprehensible to the less devout—of the creed they themselves profess; and the annoyance and fright some silly countenances show when solicited for the most trifling explanation is apt to make uninformed doubters imagine they must have some little misgiving, some slight inklings of disbelief in their own minds. Thinkers, however, whether constrained or free, do

not willingly submit to be put off and responded to with the Hindoo childish phrase. "God can do anything."

Mark then, every devout person of course likes everybody's belief to be crucially investigated except his own; and every undevout person likes all the young Seraphims of a family to be, what is termed, fast, except his own. Neither can have their wishes gratified except at the expense of the world standing still* which in these educational annals is not likely to occur again.

If all Eastern and European divines would only agree to eliminate all the apocryphal and dubious stories in their diverse doctrines there might be little difference for all practical purposes between any. Had the Christian clergy alone adopted this plain frank theory fifty years ago, now too late, with a little judicious elevation of dissenters, and a little judicious diminution of lawn sleeves, we might not have heard of so many divisions nor so much of free-thinkers, heretics, &c., the sublime moral precepts contained in our sacred creed would have taken far deeper hold than they have; the Church itself might have been saved from the present unseemly and disreputable disputes, and the whole community benefited and blessed in one fraternal fundamental faith. Now unfortunately the impending

* An astronomical lady alluding to this subject, explained to me "that it was quite a mistake to suppose the sun stood still." As she paused at the word still, I intervened with, "I entirely agree," when she upset and utterly spoilt this first part of her creditable speech by adding, "It was the earth, you see, that stood still, not the sun." "Oh!" I moaned out, "excuse me, but you are out of the frying pan into the fire. A metaphorical solution will cure the case more satisfactorily than that." I was pleased that no further argument was used, for I was already sufficiently persuaded as to the capacity of this lady's astronomical intellect to grapple with the knotty subject. And only that it would not have been polite to press home and make a mistake too clear, I should have asked, "How about Greenwich time?"

avalanche, without the guide of some most influential Lay Master minds, may, even before the end of the present century, roughly reform both root and branch, leaving our anxious religious thoughts overwhelmed in a distressing chaotic gloom. "Slow belief is the handmaid of wisdom," and experience tells me to place more confidence in a man's character, than in that of his ostensible devoutness. To cut the matter short, the grand basis of all true religion consists in the maxim, "Be honest, and do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Night and day keep that uppermost in your memory, for it will answer for any and every faith; and no faith will answer without it.

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out;
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."—TENNYSON*

In order to make a correct guess as to the creed possessed by any individual whatever, in any country, you have only to ask: "Of what religion are your parents?" You will then be right nine times out of ten, in deciding they are of the same. Why? Because from the age of eight, and before, to that of eighteen, they have first been physically, afterwards morally compelled through routine, custom, &c., to follow without thinking. And if this is proper for individuals in the west, it is proper for individuals in the east; still that would not be a faith imbibed by studying, thinking, and free selection for oneself when arrived at manhood. And the only possible method of arriving impartially at a consolatory creed, is for every individual from the age of eight to that of eighteen, to be taught those moral precepts, in whatever religion they may be found, which do approve themselves to the conscience of nine-tenths of all grown up disinterested

* Query.—Which half? As the creed possessed by himself is included I suppose in the 'half,' why not say all?

persons, without forcing any particular belief into their juvenile brains. After that, from the age of eighteen up to twenty-one, they would be old enough to study the religion of their own country, and the principal writings opposed to it And the religions of other countries with the principal writings opposed to them. By this means (and the travelling into foreign lands, which would quickly tend to open their ideas) all persons when they arrived at mature age, might fairly be considered capable of selecting without bias for themselves. I do not say of openly acknowledging, that perhaps would not do in all cases, for their wordly interests direct and indirect now come in, and for this last, the female portion are naturally bound to follow the existing fashion, played and sung with variations, of the country to which they belong.

If the above is not a fair and just method to arrive at all mankind's own true impartial thoughts in order to fix on a faith, pray be good enough to furnish another better and truer; then if I can possibly agree, I will embrace yours and cry *peccavi*. However should you have fully made up your mind to follow the system of the Chinese judge, to hear only one side, for fear of being puzzled if he heard the other, and upon such knowledge presume to call Wallace Wits or any other gifted lad heretic or freethinker, then the best defence they can make, is to attack you and justly so, as a worldly self interested bigot.

Thought in fetters! Mind in manacles! Liberty in chains. Zounds. Are we about to bow to the yoke of the Inquisition?

Note.—The last three lines of an extract from a leading article in "The Times" of December 9th, 1880, are here given, because it is foreseen that it is to the heads of the Press we are doomed to turn our thoughts. "But the day must come, as it has come even with a famous Zulu, when all the world will ask questions and not be easily satisfied."

"Fiat justitia ruat cœlum."

Remarks.

From "THE RECORDER,"
"THE MATTER OF FACT JOURNAL,"
and
"THE UNIVERSALIST."

The ugly and dissatisfied, such folks of course will spurn it,
The truthful and discerning, judge the safe path is to learn it;
Full freedom's granted every one, select which e'er you please,
Stand fast, move on, or bend down on those over trusted knees.
Should higher counsel you still need your intellect to smother,
Blindfold your own intelligence and march with your grandmother.

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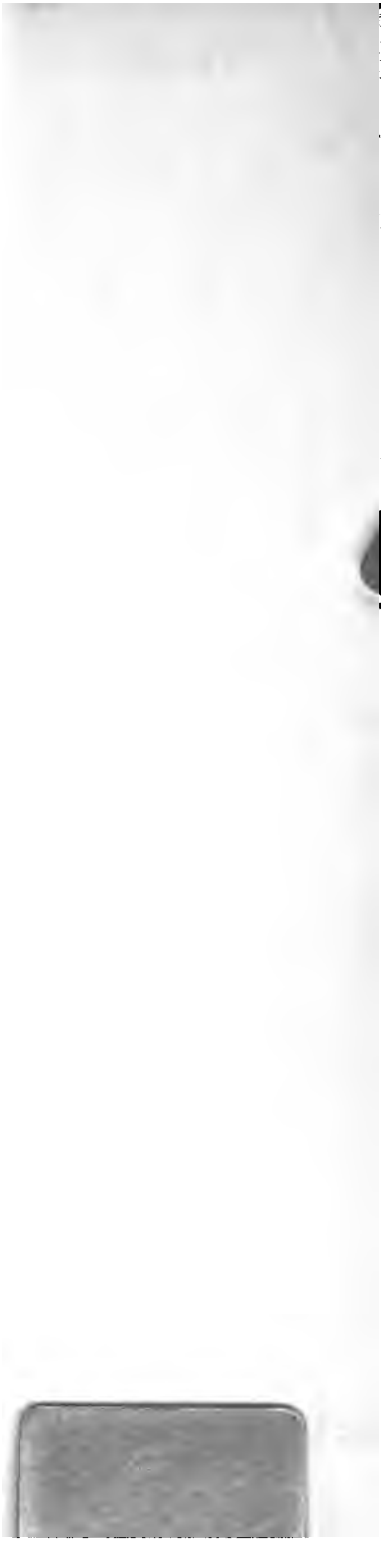
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